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CHAPTERS FROM MY AUTOBIOGRAPHY.—IX.*

BY MARK TWAIN.

PREFATORY NOTE.—Mr. Clemens began to write his autobiography many years ago, and he continues to add to it day by day. It was his original intention to permit no publication of his memoirs until after his death; but, after leaving "Pier No. 70," he concluded that a considerable portion might now suitably be given to the public. It is that portion, garnered from the quarter-million of words already written, which will appear in this REVIEW during the coming year. No part of the autobiography will be published in book form during the lifetime of the author.—EDITOR N. A. R.

[*Dictated December 13, 1906.*] As regards the coming American monarchy. It was before the Secretary of State had been heard from that the chairman of the banquet said:

"In this time of unrest it is of great satisfaction that such a man as you, Mr. Root, is chief adviser of the President."

Mr. Root then got up and in the most quiet and orderly manner touched off the successor to the San Francisco earthquake. As a result, the several State governments were well shaken up and considerably weakened. Mr. Root was prophesying. He was prophesying, and it seems to me that no shrewder and surer

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forecasting has been done in this country for a good many years.

He did not say, in so many words, that we are proceeding, in a steady march, toward eventual and unavoidable replacement of the republic by monarchy; but I suppose he was aware that that is the case. He notes the several steps, the customary steps, which in all the ages have led to the consolidation of loose and scattered governmental forces into formidable centralizations of authority; but he stops there, and doesn't add up the sum. He is not unaware that heretofore the sum has been ultimate monarchy, and that the same figures can fairly be depended upon to furnish the same sum whenever and wherever they can be produced, so long as human nature shall remain as it is; but it was not needful that he do the adding, since any one can do it; neither would it have been gracious in him to do it.

In observing the changed conditions which in the course of time have made certain and sure the eventual seizure by the Washington government of a number of State duties and prerogatives which have been betrayed and neglected by the several States, he does not attribute those changes and the vast results which are to flow from them to any thought-out policy of any party or of any body of dreamers or schemers, but properly and rightly attributes them to that stupendous power—*Circumstance*—which moves by laws of its own, regardless of parties and policies, and whose decrees are final, and must be obeyed by all—and will be. The railway is a Circumstance, the steamship is a Circumstance, the telegraph is a Circumstance. They were mere happenings; and to the whole world, the wise and the foolish alike, they were entirely trivial, wholly inconsequential; indeed silly, comical, grotesque. No man, and no party, and no thought-out policy said, "Behold, we will build railways and steamships and telegraphs, and presently you will see the condition and way of life of every man and woman and child in the nation totally changed; unimaginable changes of law and custom will follow, in spite of anything that anybody can do to prevent it."

The changed conditions have come, and Circumstance knows what is following, and will follow. So does Mr. Root. His language is not unclear, it is crystal:

"Our whole life has swung away from the old State centres, and is crystallizing about national centres."

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" . . . . The old barriers which kept the States as separate communities are completely lost from sight."

" . . . . That [State] power of regulation and control is gradually passing into the hands of the national government."

"Sometimes by an assertion of the inter-State commerce power, sometimes by an assertion of the taxing power, the national government is taking up the performance of duties which under the changed conditions the separate States are no longer capable of adequately performing."

"We are urging forward in a development of business and social life which tends more and more to the obliteration of State lines and the decrease of State power as compared with national power."

"It is useless for the advocates of State rights to inveigh against . . . the extension of national authority in the fields of necessary control where the States themselves fail in the performance of their duty."

He is not announcing a policy; he is not forecasting what a party of planners will bring about; he is merely telling what the people will require and compel. And he could have added—which would be perfectly true—that the people will not be moved to it by speculation and cogitation and planning, but by *Circumstance*—that power which arbitrarily compels all their actions, and over which they have not the slightest control.

"*The end is not yet.*"

It is a true word. We are on the march, but at present we are only just getting started.

If the States continue to fail to do their duty as required by the people—

". . . *constructions of the Constitution will be found* to vest the power where it will be exercised—in the national government."

I do not know whether that has a sinister meaning or not, and so I will not enlarge upon it lest I should chance to be in the wrong. It sounds like ship-money come again, but it may not be so intended.

Human nature being what it is, I suppose we must expect to drift into monarchy by and by. It is a saddening thought, but we cannot change our nature: we are all alike, we human beings; and in our blood and bone, and ineradicable, we carry the seeds out of which monarchies and aristocracies are grown: worship of gauds, titles, distinctions, power. We have to worship these things and their possessors, we are all born so, and we cannot help it. We have to be despised by somebody whom we regard as above us,

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or we are not happy; we have to have somebody to worship and envy, or we cannot be content. In America we manifest this in all the ancient and customary ways. In public we scoff at titles and hereditary privilege, but privately we hanker after them, and when we get a chance we buy them for cash and a daughter. Sometimes we get a good man and worth the price, but we are ready to take him anyway, whether he be ripe or rotten, whether he be clean and decent, or merely a basket of noble and sacred and long-descended offal. And when we get him the whole nation publicly chaffs and scoffs—and privately envies; and also is proud of the honor which has been conferred upon us. We run over our list of titled purchases every now and then, in the newspapers, and discuss them and caress them, and are thankful and happy.

Like all the other nations, we worship money and the possessors of it—they being our aristocracy, and we have to have one. We like to read about rich people in the papers; the papers know it, and they do their best to keep this appetite liberally fed. They even leave out a football bull-fight now and then to get room for all the particulars of how—according to the display heading—"Rich Woman Fell Down Cellar—Not Hurt." The falling down the cellar is of no interest to us when the woman is not rich, but no rich woman can fall down cellar and we not yearn to know all about it and wish it was us.

In a monarchy the people willingly and rejoicingly revere and take pride in their nobilities, and are not humiliated by the reflection that this humble and hearty homage gets no return but contempt. Contempt does not shame them, they are used to it, and they recognize that it is their proper due. We are all made like that. In Europe we easily and quickly learn to take that attitude toward the sovereigns and the aristocracies; moreover, it has been observed that when we get the attitude we go on and exaggerate it, presently becoming more servile than the natives, and vainer of it. The next step is to rail and scoff at republics and democracies. All of which is natural, for we have not ceased to be human beings by becoming Americans, and the human race was always intended to be governed by kingship, not by popular vote.

I suppose we must expect that unavoidable and irresistible Circumstances will gradually take away the powers of the States and concentrate them in the central government, and that the republic will then repeat the history of all time and become a monarchy;

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but I believe that if we obstruct these encroachments and steadily resist them the monarchy can be postponed for a good while yet.

[*Dictated December 1, 1906.*] An exciting event in our village (Hannibal) was the arrival of the mesmerizer. I think the year was 1850. As to that I am not sure, but I know the month—it was May; that detail has survived the wear of fifty-five years. A pair of connected little incidents of that month have served to keep the memory of it green for me all this time; incidents of no consequence, and not worth embalming, yet my memory has preserved them carefully and flung away things of real value to give them space and make them comfortable. The truth is, a person's memory has no more sense than his conscience, and no appreciation whatever of values and proportions. However, never mind those trifling incidents; my subject is the mesmerizer, now.

(1849-'51.)

He advertised his show, and promised marvels. Admission as usual: 25 cents, children and negroes half price. The village had heard of mesmerism, in a general way, but had not encountered it yet. Not many people attended, the first night, but next day they had so many wonders to tell that everybody's curiosity was fired, and after that for a fortnight the magician had prosperous times. I was fourteen or fifteen years old—the age at which a boy is willing to endure all things, suffer all things, short of death by fire, if thereby he may be conspicuous and show off before the public; and so, when I saw the "subjects" perform their foolish antics on the platform and make the people laugh and shout and admire, I had a burning desire to be a subject myself. Every night, for three nights, I sat in the row of candidates on the platform, and held the magic disk in the palm of my hand, and gazed at it and tried to get sleepy, but it was a failure; I remained wide awake, and had to retire defeated, like the majority. Also, I had to sit there and be gnawed with envy of Hicks, our journeyman; I had to sit there and see him scamper and jump when Simmons the enchanter exclaimed, "See the snake! see the snake!" and hear him say, "My, how beautiful!" in response to the suggestion that he was observing a splendid sunset; and so on—the whole insane business. I couldn't laugh, I couldn't applaud; it filled me with bitterness to have others do it, and to have people make a hero

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of Hicks, and crowd around him when the show was over, and ask him for more and more particulars of the wonders he had seen in his visions, and manifest in many ways that they were proud to be acquainted with him. Hicks—the idea! I couldn't stand it; I was getting boiled to death in my own bile.

On the fourth night temptation came, and I was not strong enough to resist. When I had gazed at the disk awhile I pretended to be sleepy, and began to nod. Straightway came the professor and made passes over my head and down my body and legs and arms, finishing each pass with a snap of his fingers in the air, to discharge the surplus electricity; then he began to "draw" me with the disk, holding it in his fingers and telling me I could not take my eyes off it, try as I might; so I rose slowly, bent and gazing, and followed that disk all over the place, just as I had seen the others do. Then I was put through the other paces. Upon suggestion I fled from snakes; passed buckets at a fire; became excited over hot steamboat-races; made love to imaginary girls and kissed them; fished from the platform and landed mud-cats that outweighed me—and so on, all the customary marvels. But not in the customary way. I was cautious at first, and watchful, being afraid the professor would discover that I was an impostor and drive me from the platform in disgrace; but as soon as I realized that I was not in danger, I set myself the task of terminating Hicks's usefulness as a subject, and of usurping his place.

It was a sufficiently easy task. Hicks was born honest; I, without that incumbrance—so some people said. Hicks saw what he saw, and reported accordingly; I saw more than was visible, and added to it such details as could help. Hicks had no imagination, I had a double supply. He was born calm, I was born excited. No vision could start a rapture in him, and he was constipated as to language, anyway; but if I saw a vision I emptied the dictionary onto it and lost the remnant of my mind into the bargain.

At the end of my first half-hour Hicks was a thing of the past, a fallen hero, a broken idol, and I knew it and was glad, and said in my heart, Success to crime! Hicks could never have been mesmerized to the point where he could kiss an imaginary girl in public, or a real one either, but I was competent. Whatever Hicks had failed in, I made it a point to succeed in,

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let the cost be what it might, physically or morally. He had shown several bad defects, and I had made a note of them. For instance, if the magician asked, "What do you see?" and left him to invent a vision for himself, Hicks was dumb and blind, he couldn't see a thing nor say a word, whereas the magician soon found that when it came to seeing visions of a stunning and marketable sort I could get along better without his help than with it. Then there was another thing: Hicks wasn't worth a tallow dip on mute mental suggestion. Whenever Simmons stood behind him and gazed at the back of his skull and tried to drive a mental suggestion into it, Hicks sat with vacant face, and never suspected. If he had been noticing, he could have seen by the rapt faces of the audience that something was going on behind his back that required a response. Inasmuch as I was an impostor I dreaded to have this test put upon me, for I knew the professor would be "willing" me to do something, and as I couldn't know what it was, I should be exposed and denounced. However, when my time came, I took my chance. I perceived by the tense and expectant faces of the people that Simmons was behind me willing me with all his might. I tried my best to imagine what he wanted, but nothing suggested itself. I felt ashamed and miserable, then. I believed that the hour of my disgrace was come, and that in another moment I should go out of that place disgraced. I ought to be ashamed to confess it, but my next thought was, not how I could win the compassion of kindly hearts by going out humbly and in sorrow for my misdoings, but how I could go out most sensationally and spectacularly.

There was a rusty and empty old revolver lying on the table, among the "properties" employed in the performances. On May-day, two or three weeks before, there had been a celebration by the schools, and I had had a quarrel with a big boy who was the school-bully, and I had not come out of it with credit. That boy was now seated in the middle of the house, half-way down the main aisle. I crept stealthily and impressively toward the table, with a dark and murderous scowl on my face, copied from a popular romance, seized the revolver suddenly, flourished it, shouted the bully's name, jumped off the platform, and made a rush for him and chased him out of the house before the paralyzed people could interfere to save him. There was a

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storm of applause, and the magician, addressing the house, said, most impressively—

"That you may know how really remarkable this is, and how wonderfully developed a subject we have in this boy, I assure you that without a single spoken word to guide him he has carried out what I mentally commanded him to do, to the minutest detail. I could have stopped him at a moment in his vengeful career by a mere exertion of my will, therefore the poor fellow who has escaped was at no time in danger."

So I was not in disgrace. I returned to the platform a hero, and happier than I have ever been in this world since. As regards mental suggestion, my fears of it were gone. I judged that in case I failed to guess what the professor might be willing me to do, I could count on putting up something that would answer just as well. I was right, and exhibitions of unspoken suggestion became a favorite with the public. Whenever I perceived that I was being willed to do something I got up and did something—anything that occurred to me—and the magician, not being a fool, always ratified it. When people asked me, "How *can* you tell what he is willing you to do?" I said, "It's just as easy," and they always said, admiringly, "Well it beats *me* how you can do it."

Hicks was weak in another detail. When the professor made passes over him and said "his whole body is without sensation now—come forward and test him, ladies and gentlemen," the ladies and gentlemen always complied eagerly, and stuck pins into Hicks, and if they went deep Hicks was sure to wince, then that poor professor would have to explain that Hicks "wasn't sufficiently under the influence." But I didn't wince; I only suffered, and shed tears on the inside. The miseries that a conceited boy will endure to keep up his "reputation"! And so will a conceited man; I know it in my own person, and have seen it in a hundred thousand others. That professor ought to have protected me, and I often hoped he would, when the tests were unusually severe, but he didn't. It may be that he was deceived as well as the others, though I did not believe it nor think it possible. Those were dear good people, but they must have carried simplicity and credulity to the limit. They would stick a pin in my arm and bear on it until they drove it a third of its length in, and then be lost in wonder that by a mere exercise

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of will-power the professor could turn my arm to iron and make it insensible to pain. Whereas it was not insensible at all; I was suffering agonies of pain.

After that fourth night, that proud night, that triumphant night, I was the only subject. Simmons invited no more candidates to the platform. I performed alone, every night, the rest of the fortnight. In the beginning of the second week I conquered the last doubters. Up to that time a dozen wise old heads, the intellectual aristocracy of the town, had held out, as implacable unbelievers. I was as hurt by this as if I were engaged in some honest occupation. There is nothing surprising about this. Human beings feel dishonor the most, sometimes, when they most deserve it. That handful of overwise old gentlemen kept on shaking their heads all the first week, and saying they had seen no marvels there that could not have been produced by collusion; and they were pretty vain of their unbelief, too, and liked to show it and air it, and be superior to the ignorant and the gullible. Particularly old Dr. Peake, who was the ringleader of the irreconcilables, and very formidable; for he was an F.F.V., he was learned, white-haired and venerable, nobly and richly clad in the fashions of an earlier and a courtlier day, he was large and stately, and he not only seemed wise, but was what he seemed, in that regard. He had great influence, and his opinion upon any matter was worth much more than that of any other person in the community. When I conquered him, at last, I knew I was undisputed master of the field; and now, after more than fifty years, I acknowledge, with a few dry old tears, that I rejoiced without shame.

[*Dictated December 2, 1906.*] In 1847 we were living in a large white house on the corner of Hill and Main Streets—a
(1847.) house that still stands, but isn't large now, although it hasn't lost a plank; I saw it a year ago and noticed that shrinkage. My father died in it in March of the year mentioned, but our family did not move out of it until some months afterward. Ours was not the only family in the house, there was another—Dr. Grant's. One day Dr. Grant and Dr. Reyburn argued a matter on the street with sword-canes, and Grant was brought home multifariously punctured. Old Dr. Peake calked the leaks, and came every day for a while, to look after him.

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The Grants were Virginians, like Peake, and one day when Grant was getting well enough to be on his feet and sit around in the parlor and talk, the conversation fell upon Virginia and old times. I was present, but the group were probably quite unconscious of me, I being only a lad and a negligible quantity. Two of the group—Dr. Peake and Mrs. Crawford, Mrs. Grant's mother—had been of the audience when the Richmond theatre burned down, thirty-six years before, and they talked over the frightful details of that memorable tragedy. These were eye-witnesses, and with their eyes I saw it all with an intolerable vividness: I saw the black smoke rolling and tumbling toward the sky, I saw the flames burst through it and turn red, I heard the shrieks of the despairing, I glimpsed their faces at the windows, caught fitfully through the veiling smoke, I saw them jump to their death, or to mutilation worse than death. The picture is before me yet, and can never fade.

In due course they talked of the colonial mansion of the Peakes, with its stately columns and its spacious grounds, and by odds and ends I picked up a clearly defined idea of the place. I was strongly interested, for I had not before heard of such palatial things from the lips of people who had seen them with their own eyes. One detail, casually dropped, hit my imagination hard. In the wall, by the great front door, there was a round hole as big as a saucer—a British cannon-ball had made it, in the war of the Revolution. It was breath-taking; it made history real; history had never been real to me before.

Very well, three or four years later, as already mentioned, I was king-bee and sole "subject" in the mesmeric show; it was the beginning of the second week; the performance was half over; just then the majestic Dr. Peake, with his ruffled bosom and wristbands and his gold-headed cane, entered, and a deferential citizen vacated his seat beside the Grants and made the great chief take it. This happened while I was trying to invent something fresh in the way of a vision, in response to the professor's remark—

"Concentrate your powers. Look—look attentively. There—don't you see something? Concentrate—concentrate. Now then—describe it."

Without suspecting it, Dr. Peake, by entering the place, had reminded me of the talk of three years before. He had also

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furnished me capital and was become my confederate, an accomplice in my frauds. I began on a vision, a vague and dim one (that was part of the game at the beginning of a vision; it isn't best to see it too clearly at first, it might look as if you had come loaded with it). The vision developed, by degrees, and gathered swing, momentum, energy. It was the Richmond fire. Dr. Peake was cold, at first, and his fine face had a trace of polite scorn in it; but when he began to recognize that fire, that expression changed, and his eyes began to light up. As soon as I saw that, I threw the valves wide open and turned on all the steam, and gave those people a supper of fire and horrors that was calculated to last them one while! They couldn't gasp, when I got through—they were petrified. Dr. Peake had risen, and was standing,—and breathing hard. He said, in a great voice—

"My doubts are ended. No collusion could produce that miracle. It was totally impossible for him to know those details, yet he has described them with the clarity of an eye-witness—and with what unassailable truthfulness God knows I know!"

I saved the colonial mansion for the last night, and solidified and perpetuated Dr. Peake's conversion with the cannon-ball hole. He explained to the house that I could never have heard of that small detail, which differentiated this mansion from all other Virginian mansions and perfectly identified it, therefore the fact stood proven that I had *seen* it in my vision. Lawks!

It is curious. When the magician's engagement closed there was but one person in the village who did not believe in mesmerism, and I was the one. All the others were converted, but I was to remain an implacable and unpersuadable disbeliever in mesmerism and hypnotism for close upon fifty years. This was because I never would examine them, in after life. I couldn't. The subject revolted me. Perhaps because it brought back to me a passage in my life which for pride's sake I wished to forget; though I thought—or persuaded myself I thought—I should never come across a "proof" which wasn't thin and cheap, and probably had a fraud like me behind it.

The truth is, I did not have to wait long to get tired of my triumphs. Not thirty days, I think. The glory which is built upon a lie soon becomes a most unpleasant incumbrance. No

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doubt for a while I enjoyed having my exploits told and retold and told again in my presence and wondered over and exclaimed about, but I quite distinctly remember that there presently came a time when the subject was wearisome and odious to me and I could not endure the disgusting discomfort of it. I am well aware that the world-glorified doer of a deed of great and real splendor has just my experience; I know that he deliciously enjoys hearing about it for three or four weeks, and that pretty soon after that he begins to dread the mention of it, and by and by wishes he had been with the damned before he ever thought of doing that deed; I remember how General Sherman used to rage and swear over "When we were Marching through Georgia," which was played at him and sung at him everywhere he went; still, I think I suffered a shade more than the legitimate hero does, he being privileged to soften his misery with the reflection that his glory was at any rate golden and reproachless in its origin, whereas I had no such privilege, there being no possible way to make mine respectable.

How easy it is to make people believe a lie, and how hard it is to undo that work again! Thirty-five years after those evil exploits of mine I visited my old mother, whom I had not seen for ten years; and being moved by what seemed to me a rather noble and perhaps heroic impulse, I thought I would humble myelf and confess my ancient fault. It cost me a great effort to make up my mind; I dreaded the sorrow that would rise in her face, and the shame that would look out of her eyes; but after long and troubled reflection, the sacrifice seemed due and right, and I gathered my resolution together and made the confession.

To my astonishment there were no sentimentalities, no dramatics, no George Washington effects; she was not moved in the least degree; she simply did not believe me, and said so! I was not merely disappointed, I was nettled, to have my costly truthfulness flung out of the market in this placid and confident way when I was expecting to get a profit out of it. I asserted, and reasserted, with rising heat, my statement that every single thing I had done on those long-vanished nights was a lie and a swindle; and when she shook her head tranquilly and said she knew better, I put up my hand and *swore* to it—adding a triumphant "*Now* what do you say?"

It did not affect her at all; it did not budge her the fraction

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of an inch from her position. If this was hard for me to endure, it did not begin with the blister she put upon the raw when she began to put my sworn oath out of court with *arguments* to prove that I was under a delusion and did not know what I was talking about. Arguments! Arguments to show that a person on a man's outside can know better what is on his inside than he does himself! I had cherished some contempt for arguments before, I have not enlarged my respect for them since. She refused to believe that I had invented my visions myself; she said it was folly: that I was only a child at the time and could not have done it. She cited the Richmond fire and the colonial mansion and said they were quite beyond my capacities. Then I saw my chance! I said she was right—I didn't invent those, I got them from Dr. Peake. Even this great shot did no damage. She said Dr. Peake's evidence was better than mine, and he had said in plain words that it was impossible for me to have heard about those things. Dear, dear, what a grotesque and unthinkable situation: a confessed swindler convicted of honesty and condemned to acquittal by circumstantial evidence furnished by the swindled!

I realized, with shame and with impotent vexation, that I was defeated all along the line. I had but one card left, but it was a formidable one. I played it—and stood from under. It seemed ignoble to demolish her fortress, after she had defended it so valiantly; but the defeated know not mercy. I played that master card. It was the pin-sticking. I said, solemnly—

"I give you my honor, a pin was never stuck into me without causing me cruel pain."

She only said—

"It is thirty-five years. I believe you do think that, *now*, but I was there, and I know better. You never winced."

She was so calm! and I was so far from it, so nearly frantic.

"Oh, my goodness!" I said, "let me *show* you that I am speaking the truth. Here is my arm; drive a pin into it—drive it to the head—I shall not wince."

She only shook her gray head and said, with simplicity and conviction—

"You are a man, now, and could dissemble the hurt; but you were only a child then, and could not have done it."

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And so the lie which I played upon her in my youth remained with her as an unchallengeable truth to the day of her death. Carlyle said "a lie cannot live." It shows that he did not know how to tell them. If I had taken out a life policy on this one the premiums would have bankrupted me ages ago.

MARK TWAIN.

(To be Continued.)

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WHAT IS ESPERANTO?

BY DR. L. L. ZAMENHOF.

"WARSAW, *November 28th, 1906.*

"*To the Editor of The North American Review:*

"With pleasure I received your valued letter of October 30th, and, in accordance with your request, I send you herewith an article on Esperanto.

"In the name of all Esperantists, permit me to convey to you heartfelt thanks for your resolution to make a systematic campaign on behalf of our cause in your famous REVIEW. If you succeed in creating widespread adherence to our cause in America, future generations will be grateful to your REVIEW, for already no one doubts that a neutral international language is one of the greatest needs of mankind.

Very respectfully,

L. L. ZAMENHOF."

THE editors of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW have asked me to tell their readers something about Esperanto. I do so with pleasure, especially since I foresee that among the many readers of the REVIEW there must surely be a great number of persons who will gladly join our movement and work for it with energy, because of its vast significance for all mankind.

Until now our cause has been but little known in America. Although it has become known and has made friends in nearly every city in Europe, it has until quite recently remained almost a stranger in America. Only of late a certain movement in favor of Esperanto has begun in the United States. But I am absolutely certain that once begun there that movement will spread with the greatest rapidity. Knowing as I do the progressive character of the Americans and the great energy with which they are accustomed to work for a cause, if only they have found it good, I feel certain that, though somewhat tardy in embracing Esperanto, they will soon come up with Europe. I firmly believe that before long America will be the centre of Esperanto,

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because for no region in the world does Esperanto mean so much as for the countries of America. The reader will see that readily as soon as he realizes what Esperanto is.

Esperanto is a neutral language, extraordinarily easy to learn, the property of no particular nation, but belonging with equal right to the whole world. Esperanto has two aims: a practical aim, and an ideal. We shall consider both of these aims separately.

The purely practical aim of Esperanto is to make people who speak different languages understand one another. Every one knows that when people of different nationalities come together they stand before each other as though they were deaf-mutes. Both are human beings, both made in the same image; both have the same organs, the same intelligence, habits and desires; and yet neither can understand the other, and they stand there, strangers, as though they belonged to different species. Each of them possesses an admirably developed brain, by means of which he can perceive and experience everything under the sun; each has a language by which he can express everything in the world. And yet these two proud lords of creation, half-gods, who entertain a hope of communicating with the inhabitants of other planets, stand there helpless, unable to exchange the simplest ideas. What a pathetic and ridiculous position for intelligent men of the twentieth century!

In olden times man lived chiefly among people of his own race and country. All other countries were quite foreign to him, and in those days it was no great privation. But to-day, when the railways and telegraph unite the whole world, when almost every one is compelled, for purposes commercial, scientific or otherwise, to cultivate understanding with other nationalities, our deaf-mute state becomes ever more and more painfully felt.

The rich, who have much time as well as money, may learn some foreign languages; to the majority, however, that is denied. But even those few children of fortune who have the means of learning foreign tongues can, after all, acquire but a very few. The rest of the world is even to these a sealed book. How much time does not the educated man waste in the acquisition of a few foreign languages, and to how much better purpose could not that time be employed in acquiring positive knowledge, if only there were some one international language that

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a man could learn aside from his native idiom! On every hand, nowadays, we have international congresses for the discussion of questions scientific, social and so on. But how pathetic is the condition of those participators in the congresses who do not understand one another!

For a long time the world has felt the great need for some universal tongue by means of which all nations could easily understand one another. Many theorizing attempts have been made in this direction during the past two centuries, but only recently has anything like a practical solution of the problem appeared.

What manner of language can become universal? Perhaps one of the national tongues? But although some nations (especially the French and the English) keenly desire that their respective languages become universal, no one now doubts that the thing is absolutely impossible. For that nation whose language is accepted as international would very soon be ruler over all others, and in time would engulf them all. And that, clearly, is a state of affairs which, particularly at the present time, when even the smallest nations are developing self-esteem, the other countries would not dream of permitting. The days when countries swallowed each other up have passed, apparently never to return, and the chauvinistic hope of French or English speaking nations to force their respective tongues upon all the world is already not only egotistical and unjust, but also quite impossible of fulfilment.

Shall some dead language, such as Latin, ancient Greek or Hebrew, be adopted? But those languages are so fearsomely difficult, and are, moreover, so little calculated for the needs of modern life, that serious investigators have long since abandoned this idea. But even though the whole world agreed to adopt some dead language, and even though all the Powers on earth exerted themselves to carry out this resolve, it would still remain but an academic resolve, never to be realized in practice. For we all know that throughout the civilized world students in schools and in colleges study Latin for many years, and yet can any of them speak Latin? They cannot express even the simplest phrases in that language. Compare a person who has studied the artificial language Esperanto for ten weeks with a person who has studied Latin for ten years, and you will find that while the

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one can express everything well and fluently, the other cannot express even the simplest ideas!

There remains, then, but one solution of the problem: For international use some artificial language must be chosen that by its complete neutrality will offend no nation, and that by virtue of its extraordinary ease, its great flexibility and richness, is easily learned and exceedingly useful to persons of all lands and conditions.

Is such a language possible? You have undoubtedly heard that an artificial language is impossible. Time was when every one was of this opinion, and during the first few years Esperantists encountered nothing but ridicule. But now that it has made gigantic strides, and the most important men in every country have declared themselves friends of the Esperanto language, folk are somewhat more chary of ridicule. But even now many keep repeating that an artificial language is a Utopian dream; that a language is an organic entity, and cannot be constructed in the study; that an artificial language is an absurdity, etc., etc.

It is not my purpose to engage in academic combat with these "profoundly scientific" and "very reasonable" opinions of people who discuss with Jove-like mien matters they know nothing about. If men decline to inform themselves upon themes which they discuss (and their class is very numerous), then it is futile to combat their opinions. To these I shall say nothing. But to those who listen with respect and credulity to these quasi-scientific authorities and then quote them, I shall say this: Instead of blindly repeating divers meaningless phrases, investigate for yourselves. Go to one of the Universal Congresses (which occur annually) and there you will see and hear and be convinced. There you will see assembled thousands of persons of the most widely divergent nationalities, from all quarters of the globe, conversing with one another admirably, understanding each other excellently. Ask those people how much time they devoted to Esperanto. What you see and hear there will be your best possible answer.

Already Esperanto has a fairly large literature. More than thirty different journals are published in that language; many thousands of persons all over the world correspond and converse by means of it. In almost every city of Europe, as well as in other parts of the world, Esperanto clubs have been established.

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So that, instead of listening to absurdities touching the impossibility and futility of an artificial language, take up some Esperanto text-book and judge for yourself.

Not only is Esperanto a neutral language, but it is also musical, flexible, rich and wonderfully easy. In a few weeks, at the most, every one is able to master it completely and to speak it fluently. But I recommend that you take up the first Esperanto text-book that comes to your hand; then all will be made clear to you. I shall only quote a small fragment of Esperanto text so that the reader may see how it appears:*

"Al Vi, ho potenca senkorpa Mistero,
Fortego, la mondon reganta,
Al Vi, granda fonto de l'amo kaj vero
Kaj fonto de l' vivo konstanta,
Al Vi, kiun ĉiu malsame prezentas,
Sed ĉiu egale en koro Vin sentas,—
Al Vi, kiu kreas, al Vi, kiu reĝas,
Ni preĝas."

I have now discussed the practical side of Esperanto. But aside from that, Esperanto has a far more significant aspect—the ideal. And before I discuss this point I wish to state that while most people will doubtless employ Esperanto because of its practical utility, the aim for which Esperanto was created is the ideal one, namely, to unite humanity more closely. *Esperanto is not a patented commercial enterprise; it belongs to no one nation, to no business association.* The Third Article of the official "Declaration" accepted by the first Esperanto Congress, bearing upon the nature of Esperanto, reads as follows:

"Since the author has from the very outset renounced all private rights and privileges to this language, therefore Esperanto is no one's property, either morally or materially. The material possessor of this language is the entire world, and every one has the right to publish all manner of works in and about this language, and to employ it for any and all purposes. As spiritual lords of this language will be deemed those persons who will be recognized by the Esperantist world as the best and most talented writers in this tongue."

The brotherhood of mankind is the object for which Esperanto was created, and the reason why Esperantists always so obsti-

* The accent is invariably on the second last syllable; "ĉ" is pronounced like "ts," and "ĝ" like the English "j."

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nately and self-sacrificingly fight for their language, despite the attacks and the ridicule they suffered during the early years.

It is well known that the greater part of the mutual hatred of mankind is engendered by the fact that they do not understand one another. If some one speaks to me in my own language I feel that he is spiritually akin to me, even though he may dwell in a far country; but if he speaks another tongue, he is a stranger to me, even though he dwell in the same town with me. We cannot now foresee whether or not the time will come when all mankind will speak one language and constitute one family. But it is surely self-evident that when all men speak, besides their native tongue, the same international language and therefore understand one another easily, share a common literature and work out common ideals—there can be no doubt that then international friendship and peace will be far more assured than by the very best of treaties. All the world's wars are waged not against territories (for no one wishes to destroy or to carry away any particular piece of ground), but only because on this or that bit of soil some one nation wishes to force its language, manners and customs upon another. But as soon as an international language has sufficiently spread throughout the world, then, sooner or later, the time must come when man will see the full abomination of forcing his language and manners upon other people. Then every one will speak his native tongue only with his friends and nationality (for Esperanto has not the slightest intention of crowding out existing national languages); but in communicating with foreign lands and people he will use the neutral language. Then the horrible strife which we see among the different nationalities, as in Russia, Austria, etc., will soon disappear.

But upon this point, which demands long explanation, I cannot speak in the present essay. I would, however, say this: The civilized lands of Europe (particularly those noble humanistic countries, France and England) may always continue to earn praise as unselfish pioneers on behalf of the idea of a larger humanity. But I am, nevertheless, convinced that the actual golden light of Justice and Brotherhood among the nations will come not out of chauvinistic Europe, where almost every spot of land bears the name of some tribe; where, naturally, each of those sections are regarded as the exclusive property of its par-

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ticular tribe, and those not of that tribe born within that territory are regarded as strangers. No, that light must come out of great, free, democratic America, where all countries bear neutral geographic names, and with equal right are the property of all their honest citizens, irrespective of birth, religion or the particular idiom they employ in their home life. But absolute equality—which has become a kind of Americanized goddess—and voluntary federation of all countries on the American Continent —the hope of many of the best men in the Western Hemisphere —will be completely attainable only when a neutral language will come into use for general communication. This will give the various nationalities the power to live without forcing each other out, and will enable them to follow the first principle of all future civilized powers, namely, that "Every citizen has the right to worship according to his conscience, and to use what language pleases him best."

My readers, I trust, are not afraid that Esperanto will ever demand of them to forswear their mother-tongue and to supplant it with an artificial language. Nor need they fear that Esperanto will crowd out from public life the official language of the country (as, for instance, English in the United States), which all citizens voluntarily and gladly employ. Esperanto hopes to become merely the uniting international language in those regions where various tongues are struggling for supremacy, or where one nationality is trying to force its language upon another. Esperanto will never disturb the inner life of nations, it will never aim to force itself upon those who do not need it, for Esperanto is, and will always remain, the language of freedom, neutrality and international justice.

Oh, Americans, this language, whose ideal is the future union of mankind, we hand on to you in the name of freedom, peace and justice, for which the forefathers of most of you suffered so much.

DR. L. L. ZAMENHOF.

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GERMAN DESIGNS ON HOLLAND AND BELGIUM.

BY YVES GUYOT.

I.

When I read in the summary of the November 16th issue of The North American Review the title of an article by Karl Blind on "A French War-Cry Against Germany," I was very far from imagining that it concerned me. I was, therefore, much surprised to learn that the writer had devoted it to the criticism of a "strange article from the pen of my friend Yves Guyot," and that the venerable Dr. Karl Blind considered the article in question to be "calculated to injure both the French Republic and the liberal and democratic cause in England."

Dr. Karl Blind next speaks of his "hearty interest in the French Republican cause." I am very grateful for this interest, but he neglects to enlighten the readers of the Review on the nature of my article. My first care must be to repair this defect in his method of treating the question.

My article appeared in the "Nineteenth Century and After" last September, following up an article which had been published in the same magazine in July, written by Mr. Ellis Barker, who has just brought out a clever book on "The Rise and Decline of the Netherlands." My article sets forth an incontestable historical thesis: the political life of each nation depends on its geographical situation. When a nation desires to follow any policy other than that which is indicated by its geographical situation, it jeopardizes its security and courts ruin. In his book on "The Prussian Monarchy," which appeared in 1782, Mirabeau derided Peter the Great for his desire to endow Russia with a fleet; more than a century later events have proved the truth of his reflections.

Germany also has an unfortunate configuration as regards the

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sea. True, she possesses an expanse of seashore covering 900 kilometres along the Baltic Sea, with three military ports—Koenigsberg, Dantzig and Kiel; but the Baltic is really a lake, often blocked by ice, and so inclosed that in order to insure communication between her great arsenal and the North Sea it has been necessary for Germany to construct the Kaiser Wilhelm Canal, which is 63 miles long and 30 feet deep. This canal, however, is so difficult of navigation for ironclads that before there could be any thought of using it for ships of the "Dreadnaught" type, alterations, estimated by the Director von Jonquières at 200 millions of marks, would have to be made in it.

On the North Sea, from Cuxhaven, at the mouth of the Elbe, to Emden, the coast, which is formed of low plains protected by banks, has—as the crow flies—a length of only about eighty miles. The two ports of Hamburg and Bremen are so situated that, in 1828, Bremen was obliged to complete its shipping facilities by building the harbor of Bremerhaven, and the large Hamburg boats only take their full loads at Cuxhaven. A heavy wind suffices to cause the waters of the Elbe below Hamburg to decrease one metre or more in depth. There is only one war port on that coast, Wilhemshaven, to which access is kept free only by constant dredging.

Certainly, the ports of Hamburg and Bremen have grown greatly since they were annexed to the Empire in 1889.

But the industrial movement in Germany tends more and more to the west, to Westphalia and the Rhenish province. The Rhine supplies a population of 16,000,000 inhabitants—that is, 28 per cent. of the population of the Empire. It runs through a region which contains 2,500,000 workmen—say, 27 per cent. of the entire working population of Germany. This region yields 50 per cent. of Germany's total production of coal, 50 per cent. of its chemical products, 50 per cent. of its beer, 83 per cent. of its iron and 90 per cent. of its wine.

The Rhine is a magnificent river. From Carlsruhe to the mouth of the Main—a stretch of 387 miles—the difference in levels only amounts to 340 feet. In no part of the river is the width inferior to 218 yards; its depth from the sea to Cologne is ten feet, from Cologne to Mannheim, seven to eight feet.

But the mouth of this splendid river is in Holland; it flows into the sea at Rotterdam under the name of Maas. There, in the

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middle of the river, large seagoing ships, lashed to "Ducs d'Albe," are surrounded by barges, which they load, and which are destined for the Rhine, with direct cargoes for Ruhrort, Cologne and Mannheim. In the mouths of the Scheldt, between Antwerp and the Rhine, can be everywhere found large pinnaces coming from the Rhine or going thither. Along the river one sees tugs drawing regular tows composed of boats, each representing from 500 to 600 tons, and aggregating a total figure of 4,500 tons. The freight between Ruhrort and Rotterdam is barely one centime per ton.

The twenty-two million marks voted in 1879 for the purpose of increasing the facilities for navigation on the Rhine were all spent in 1898; they certainly rendered good service to the populations living along the river; but they have largely contributed to the development of Rotterdam and of Antwerp.

The following is a comparative statement (in tons of 1,000 kilogs.) of the Rhenish navigation of Amsterdam, Rotterdam and Belgium from 1900 to 1904:

	Amsterdam.	Rotterdam.	Belgium.
1900	446,800	7,845,500	2,605,600
1901	435,800	7,735,300	2,757,300
1902	451,900	8,197,900	3,238,800
1903	436,700	10,328,300	3,786,500
1904	428,800	10,684,200	4,104,300

This increase in business has attracted a large German population to Antwerp and Rotterdam.

Such is the result of the geographical situation which makes of those two towns the two chief ports of the Rhine.

II.

There is so little political premeditation in this infiltration of a German population into Belgium and Holland that the Emperor William has done everything in his power to divert a part of the traffic from the Rhine, and to direct it towards a German port, by the construction of the canal from Dortmund to Ems and the improvements made in the port of Emden. But neither of these efforts has given the desired result.

The canal was inaugurated on August 11th, 1899. It was expected that the first year would see a traffic of about 1,500,000 tons. The figure reached was not even 700,000 tons, in spite of a reduction in the toll rates. The canal had been conceived as "the

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national outlet" of the Rhenish country; and, by a strange irony, while the Westphalian coal continued to follow the river route, 4,420 tons of English coal were transported by the canal. The port of Emden, which cost 22,000,000 marks, has an anchorage exceeding 35 feet, provided with all modern appliances and tools. But "the dredging-plant takes up more space there than the boats." Nevertheless, the Emperor has converted it into an obligatory station for certain trades which have nothing whatever to do there. In spite of all efforts, however, it has been impossible to obtain a tonnage exceeding 500,000 tons.

Purposely, Dortmund had not been connected with the Rhine so as to force merchandise and coal from that district to take the canal route. This precaution has proved useless; and it has finally been decided to include in the projects which have just been voted this year a canal from Dortmund to the Rhine, which shall cost twelve millions; but merchandise and coal will still be sent by the rapid, cheap and easy transit of the Rhine, instead of by a canal comprising twenty-seven locks and leading up to a town which is not a commercial centre. Universal experience goes to prove that commercial centres cannot be improvised.

The Emperor's future efforts to divert trade from Rotterdam and Antwerp towards Emden are, therefore, doomed to the same failure as befell the attempt to accomplish a like purpose through a reduction in tariffs, granted by a circular published on October 30th, 1884, which had for its object the protection of German ports against foreign ports. It was tried with the seagoing ships going up as far as Cologne; but in 1904 this item of navigation represented only 326,000 metric tons.

The greatest river in Germany, which represents more than a third of the tonnage of the internal navigation of Germany, which supplies her most industrial districts, has for ports two foreign towns. That is the fact which the Emperor of Germany finds unbearable, and many of his subjects agree with him. In order that the Rhine may have German towns as outlets, there is but one solution: the annexation of Holland, crowned by that of Antwerp.

III.

That solution, which springs from the very nature of things, was I the one to invent it? On the contrary, Professor Treitschke declared in his book "*Politik*": "It is an imperative duty for

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German politics to regain the mouth of the Rhine. The inclusion of Holland in the German Customs Union is as necessary as is daily bread." In July and August, 1901, after the opening of the Dortmund-Ems Canal, a series of articles appeared in the weekly semiofficial paper, "*Die Greuzboten.*" These articles were entitled "Holland and Germany," and they were attributed to the inspiration of Prince von Bülow. Their burden was this: "Holland is economically dependent upon Germany, and Holland's economic incorporation with Germany, in some form or other, is for Holland an unavoidable necessity. Politically, Holland is threatened by other nations. Her guaranteed neutrality is no more than a shred of paper. . . . Incorporation with Germany is her only salvation. Holland will do well to stand by us in friendship, not so much for our sake as for her own existence." The Germans tried then to make capital out of the South-African war by calling it "the fifth Anglo-Dutch war."

In Germany, Messrs. Stubmann, von Hale and Anton published several pamphlets to insist on the annexation of Holland to the Zollverein. In Holland, two papers, the "*Haagsche Courant*" and the "*Avondpost,*" supported the idea, as also that of a postal union.

If Dr. Blind is not aware of these facts, that proves that he has not carefully followed the policy of his native country from England, where he has lived since his exile in 1852; and yet the Pan-German League, born on the morrow of the accession of Wilhelm II, and filled with high functionaries, dignitaries, professors, has made noise enough for some echoes to have been heard all over the world.

What can be the meaning of the repeated assertions of Wilhelm II that "the future of Germany is on the seas"? What means his passion for colonial enterprise? It is easy to discover the secret of this policy; it is the absorption of Holland, which would give to Germany a long stretch of free coast, would furnish an arsenal for her fleet in case of war, and would insure her possession of the Dutch Indies, with their extensive area, their population of 38,000,000 inhabitants, their rich products in coffee, sugar, spices, tobacco and so forth.

Political prevision is not a war-cry; it is, on the contrary, the best means of preventing war, for it may cause those who would not hesitate to put their designs into execution should they find no

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resistance, to abandon such designs when they realize what is thought of them. The attention of Belgium and Holland is now drawn to the true situation. The official Belgian world, we must admit, has been greatly Germanicized for many years past. The King of the Belgians, owing to the Congo affairs, seeks support from the German Emperor; but the enthusiasm for things German is cooling down with the people. During the last two years certain writers have brought forward a plan of alliance between Belgium and Holland, and these writers—among them Mr. Eugene Baie, who wrote in the "*Petit Bleu*" of Brussels—have been well received in Holland.

It may be asked whether, from the point of view of International Law, a nation whose neutrality is guaranteed by the Powers can enter into treaty with another nation? Arendt, Ernst Nys, Descamps, Westlake reply in the affirmative. It cannot be a question of going back on the deeds accomplished in 1830; but Belgium and Holland can form a more intimate association, and grant support, one to the other, in such or such an event.

The event would be a war, and every nation that cares for her own preservation must recognize such a possibility, for its realization does not depend on her alone, it may depend on another nation or several other nations. There is for her only one means of restraining warlike ambitions; it is to be strong, and to follow a policy whose firmness cannot be questioned.

There are two great nations which cannot allow Germany to absorb Holland and Belgium: these are England and France—England, for the very reasons which made her take up the sword against Napoleon; France, because such an extension of the German Empire would reduce her to the rank of a third-class Power. No European nation could join in such a rupture of the present equilibrium, however unstable that equilibrium may be. The *entente cordiale* between France and England has for its political reason resistance to these very views and ambitions of Emperor Wilhelm. The agreement of these two nations is the guarantee of peace. The necessity of guarding the independence of Holland and of Belgium is the common interest which unites France and England, and which must gather round them all the civilized nations.

That is what I said, and in saying it, far from giving vent to a war-cry, I thought I was indicating a peril to be avoided and the conditions according to which it might be overcome.

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Dr. Karl Blind reproaches me with not having practised the policy of the ostrich, which, with head under its wing, does not trouble itself about dangers it does not see, and he spends himself in recriminations on the past politics of France. We have nothing to do with that; we are speaking of the present. If he has no confidence in the "home policy of William II," I would ask him to allow me to feel no greater confidence in his foreign policy. Let him remember the Kaiser's discourse at Bremen on March 22nd, 1905, just before his departure for Tangier. It is not immediately after the Kaiser's menaces to France, his muddled attitude towards the conference of Algeciras, his counsel and his support of the Emperor of Morocco, his pretensions in seeking to subordinate the foreign policy of France to his own convenience, and even to tolerate at the Foreign Ministry at the Quai d'Orsay only ministers who should be agreeable to him—it is not in face of all these facts, I say, that Karl Blind can be justified in representing the Emperor William as an apostle of peace, and those who feel some distrust concerning his intentions as seekers of war.

Karl Blind has proved his friendship for me as the Emperor William proves his love for peace. He made, not only against me, but against France, in the past, the present and the future, an arraignment which proves that, if he was formerly exiled from Germany, he retains for his country a love which, like all true love, has a bandage over its eyes. But he has not shown that I was wrong in saying that the Emperor sees with sorrow that the two great ports on the Rhine are in Holland and in Belgium, that there are constant manifestations—dating back several years—in favor of the annexation of Holland and, at the very least, of Antwerp; that England and France must look such an event in the face, for they could not permit it. It would make the Emperor William Dictator over Europe.

YVES GUYOT.

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WHAT JAPANESE EXCLUSION WOULD MEAN.

BY OSBORNE HOWES, HONORARY JAPANESE CONSUL IN BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS.

Not long before the year 1877, the agitation began in San Francisco which resulted in the enactment by Congress in 1882 of substantially the laws that are now in force restrictive of Chinese immigration. Thirty years ago, it did not seem to be in the least probable, to the greater part of those Americans living east of the Rocky Mountains, that Chinese exclusion would soon form a distinctive feature of our national policy. Only a few years before (in 1868), we had given to the Burlingame-Chinese Embassy an effusive welcome, and had taken to ourselves, with perhaps characteristic light-heartedness—in contradistinction to the reticence shown by European nations—the rôle of friend and promoter of the Chinese in their wish to have their country received and treated as a member of the great sisterhood of modern nations. It was also known that Chinese labor, in the absence of an adequate supply of white labor, was greatly needed to bring about the expeditious industrial development of the Pacific Slope, and it was supposed that the self-interest of the farmers and of practically all classes of business men in California, Oregon and Nevada, would be more than sufficient to neutralize the influence on party policy which Dennis Kearney and his fellow "sand-lot" orators had begun to exert. Yet, in five years from the time the movement was definitely started, a law was enacted by Congress which, in effect, embodied in their entirety the demands of the anti-Chinese agitators of San Francisco. As history frequently repeats itself, one may be warranted in discovering, in the anti-Japanese agitation recently begun in San Francisco, more serious grounds for apprehension than

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would be found if the question at issue went no further than whether Japanese children, residing in that city, should go to a public school attended only by Orientals, or should be permitted to receive instruction in the public schools of the municipal districts in which they live.

That hostility to the Japanese is something more on the Pacific Slope than a school question is made evident by the resolutions which were presented to, and adopted by, the State Conventions of the various political organizations held this fall in California, demanding of Congress an extension of the Chinese anti-immigration laws in order that these might also cover immigrants coming from Japan, and by the statements and interviews that have been telegraphed from San Francisco since Secretary Metcalf went thither on his mission of conciliation. In spite of the admitted demand that exists for the kind of personal services which the Japanese can supply, there appears to be in California a popular feeling of antagonism to them, not essentially different from that which, a generation ago, formed the basis of the successful Chinese exclusion agitation. For this reason, it may be of advantage to consider the points of resemblance and of difference between the two movements.

The success which attended the effort to exclude Chinese immigrants made it evident that the benefit to be obtained from having near at hand a large supply of labor to perform needed work is not, on the Pacific Slope, a consideration which can be counted upon to offset a popular agitation, notably when the latter is supported by those who represent organized labor. It is of distinct national benefit that this should be the case if the movement thus supported rests on sound principles; for it would be of obvious disadvantage to have our government policy controlled by interests which were, while industrial, entirely material in their character. But this experience proves that the acknowledged demand on the Pacific Slope for the class of labor which the Japanese can best supply will not prevent a seemingly general demand for the exclusion. Then, too, this Japanese exclusion agitation has the potency derived from united political action. All of the various parties have requested it, in precisely the same way that they demanded Chinese exclusion. The national effect of such action is to intimate plainly that the electoral vote of California in a Presidential election will be given to the candi-

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date of that party which pledges itself in its national platform to favor this wished-for legislation. In a doubtful election, the electoral votes of California, with the probable addition of those of Oregon, Nevada and Washington, and perhaps also those of Idaho, Montana and Utah, these forming an aggregate of 31 out of the 476 votes cast, would constitute influences which might have serious weight with those who were shaping, at a national political convention, the future policy of a party. It was tactical considerations such as these that were instrumental in bringing about the passage of the Chinese exclusion act, for at the time there was but little positive anti-Chinese sentiment in the Central, Southern and Eastern sections of our country.

There is, to the extent stated, a close similarity between the two exclusion agitations, with the further superficial resemblances that the Japanese as well as the Chinese are Asiatics, have with the latter the alleged Mongolian characteristics of color of skin and shape of eyes, are what are popularly known as "pagans," come from a country having a redundant and growing population and have shown a willingness to work hard at relatively low rates of wages. But at this point the similarity of conditions ceases, and differences make themselves manifest which must materially qualify the progress of the present movement, as well as the results attained by it.

It is needless to point out to intelligent Americans that the Chinese and Japanese are widely different in their respective national developments; that, while the former, outside of their immediate sphere of influence, have been unaggressive and peace-loving, and inside of that sphere have been unprogressive and curiously wanting in national sympathy and sentiment, the latter have been, when the need called for it, warlike and aggressive, and have shown a progressiveness and a spirit of patriotism almost, if not wholly, without parallel. There were protests made in China against certain phases of our Chinese exclusion legislation, but our diplomatic and commercial relations with that country remained essentially undisturbed, until our immigration authorities violated the conditions both of our treaty with China and of the exclusion law, in their treatment of incoming Chinese merchants.

With the Japanese Government, even the implication conveyed in the San Francisco school incident, that the subjects of the

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Emperor of Japan were not considered in a part of the United States to be the equals of the subjects of the Tsar of Russia, the Emperor of Austria or the King of Italy, has been a provocation of sufficient force to call forth a strong protest. For our Government to take the extreme step of excluding Japanese would provoke retaliation on the part of the Japanese, as certainly as night follows day.

Half a century ago, when Japan enforced an all-round policy of exclusion, we took it upon ourselves, by sending to the Island Empire a fleet of our war-ships, to compel the abandonment of that uncivilized practice. While the Japanese would not feel themselves called upon to protest against the adoption by the American people of restrictions upon all immigration, they would indignantly resent any act of exclusion which singled them out for discriminatory treatment. They would do this on the ground that we ought to be the last people in the world to adopt toward them a line of action similar to that which we had forcibly compelled them to abandon. It would, furthermore, be urged that the Japanese who went to the United States were, on the average, as intelligent, orderly and law-abiding as the immigrants coming to this country from any other part of the world; that, when here, they conformed to the American habits of dress and living; that they were quite as insistent upon obtaining value for services rendered, and as tenacious in the defence of their personal liberty, as those coming from Italy or Hungary. In fact, the complaint made in San Francisco against the Japanese of excessive "cockiness" is evidence that neither the company method of the Chinese, nor the padrone system of the Italians, has place in the Japanese industrial organization.

There is no probability that Japanese resentment would lead to an appeal to arms, even if the policy of excluding their people from this country were adopted by our Government. This assertion can be safely made, if for no other reason, because Japan could gain nothing by such a course. Our Philippine possession stands in no danger of capture by the Japanese, who, like ourselves, are the acclimated inhabitants of the temperate zone. They cannot properly colonize their semitropical colony of Formosa, for their children, born on that island, almost always die if not sent to pass their childhood in the cooler climate of Japan; hence, a highly tropical possession, such as the Philippines, would not offer a suit-

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able place for settlement to the surplus population of the Empire, which is now increasing by birth at the rate of more than 600,000 *per annum*. This must and will find vent for itself in the relatively sparsely settled areas of Korea and Manchuria. There would be no war with the United States; that would be looked upon with abhorrence by all intelligent Japanese; but this revocation of amicable relations by the nation which the Japanese have regarded as their nearest and best friend would be followed almost inevitably by a change of commercial policy on their part. They would buy from us what they greatly need, such as our raw cotton, our kerosene oil, and in less degree and for a brief time our flour, but, if they could help it, little if anything more.

The much more serious effect which our policy of inviting Japanese resentment would produce would be found in the changed attitude of Japan respecting the question of the "open door" to trade in China. The markets of Manchuria, in which the cotton-mills of Maine, New Hampshire, Massachusetts, North and South Carolina, Georgia and Alabama have sold some $40,000,000 worth of their outputs *per annum*, have been safeguarded for the benefit of our manufactures by the Japanese army and navy, and have been held sacred to our trade, in spite of the strong temptation that has existed to make them tributary to the cotton-mills of Osaka. To expect that after we had adopted an exclusion policy we should continue to retain any of the trade of that part of Manchuria now under Japanese control, by their maintenance in our favor of the "open door" policy, would be to credit those whom we had in a gratuitous manner nationally offended with the possession of superhuman generosity.

The loss of present and prospective Japanese and Manchurian trade would be but a part, and possibly the smaller part, of the price we should be called upon to pay. The Chinese boycott of last winter, a movement against our trade which only the most strenuous official resistance prevented from having serious consequences, was a significant admonition that little love for our nation is entertained by the merchants and the common people of China. Japanese influence is now the dominant factor in Eastern Asia. Imitation of Japanese methods and policy is considered by the Chinese and other Orientals as the highest embodiment of statesmanship. Should Japan erase our name from her list of commercial friends, one may be sure that the greater part

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of the markets of the Far East would be directly or indirectly closed to our trade.

In the fiscal year of 1897, the trade between our Pacific Slope ports and the ports of Eastern Asia had a value in round numbers of $75,000,000. In the fiscal year of 1906, this trade had increased to approximately $140,000,000, with a promise of enormous future expansion. So far as we are concerned, the continuance and growth of this trade is contingent upon the maintenance of sentiments of good-will and respect between Japan and the United States. There is no probability of any large migration of Japanese to this country. Their movement, like that of the great tide of humanity, will be westward. For years to come, there will be ten immigrants from Italy and Russia and Hungary arriving in this country to every Japanese who comes hither. If, in obedience to a proscriptive sentiment, we bar our doors against the entrance of these relatively few Japanese, our countrymen on the Pacific Slope can bid farewell to any hopes they may have entertained concerning their future commercial development, because by this action we shall have destroyed their Asiatic trade and turned the ocean that faces them from an avenue for commerce into a trade barrier.

OSBORNE HOWES.

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THREE YEARS AND A HALF OF PIUS X.

BY A CATHOLIC PRIEST.

In beginning to describe the three and a half years of the pontificate of Pius X, we find our mind reverting to a passage which Carlyle wrote in 1850, concerning the opening months of the reign of Pius IX. The words occur in the "Latter-Day Pamphlets," and are as follows:

"Not long ago the world saw, with thoughtless joy, a real miracle, not heretofore considered possible or conceivable in the world,—a Reforming Pope. A simple, pious creature, a good country priest, invested unexpectedly with the tiara, takes up the New Testament, and declares that this henceforth shall be his rule of governing. No more finesse, chicanery, hypocrisy, or false or foul dealing of any kind; God's truth shall be spoken, God's justice shall be done, on the throne called of St. Peter; an honest Pope, Papa, or Father of Christendom shall preside there. . . . The European populations everywhere hailed the omen with shouting and rejoicing, leading articles and tar-barrels. Thinking people listened with astonishment. . . . For to such men it was very clear how the poor devoted Pope would prosper with his New Testament in his hand."

The sinister prediction implied in these last words came true, as the world knows; and Pius IX, who began as a humane and liberal sovereign, not only became a despot, but did his utmost to make despotism a part of Catholic doctrine in the Syllabus of 1864. And if we apply this whole passage to Pius X—for it can be applied to him with astonishing aptness—the prediction will be again likewise fulfilled.

The present Pope is a man whose simplicity and intentional sanctity it is impossible to doubt. He had no ambition for the office which he holds; he had no recommendation for it save that he stood aloof from faction and intrigue, and enjoyed a reputation for conspicuous virtue. He ascended the ancient throne of the Papacy amid the rejoicing of the whole Catholic world; and,

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when he announced in almost the first public words which he uttered as Pope, that his motto would be, "*Restaurare omnia in Christo*"—to renew all things in Christ—we hoped that we should see in the Papal government a spirit of moderation and unworldliness, such as the world has hardly observed there since the first Gregory or the first Leo. Thoughtful Catholics have long been aweary of Pontiffs that were great diplomats, great builders, great theologians. A great *Christian* is what they have been sighing for; a Christian, that is, in its one, sole, proper meaning—a man, namely, who is like Christ. "*Restaurare omnia in Christo*" gave us a token of such a man; and, with ardent hope, we looked to see how Cardinal Sarto, having become Pius X, would live up to those mighty words. Would he cut loose from the abominable traditions that have disgraced the Roman See, and alienated from it the most progressive nations of the world? Would he make an end of that thirty years' anathema passed upon the kingdom of Italy, the result of which has been the practical apostasy of the peninsula, while the world has looked on in amazement that Christ's delegate on earth should sacrifice souls rather than sacrifice temporal dominion? Would he diminish the unholy monopoly of Italians in governing the Church, and allow some representation to other countries which are wearied to the limit of patience with the ignorant faction of foreigners who rule them with whip and spur? Would he permit us to exercise a decent portion of self-government, so that we might retain a little self-respect by not having to apply to Rome to inquire about every detail of our own affairs? Would he introduce honesty and truthfulness into Papal diplomacy, fairness into the appointments of bishops, and charity into ecclesiastical censures and corrections?

These were some of the questions that stirred the hearts of multitudes of Catholics, when, three and a half years ago, Pius X entered upon his pontificate with the New Testament in his hand. These questions have received a very decisive answer. Pius X is as terrible a disappointment as Pius IX was. Of the New Testament spirit there is none, under the present régime, at Rome; and one will have to turn back to some of the most despotic Papal reigns to find a parallel to the bigotry, cruelty, hatred of truth, and defiance of civilization which characterize the Papacy at this hour. Harsh as this language seems, proof

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will be given in the course of this article that it is not too harsh to be strictly true.

Not that Pius X is one whit less pious and disinterested to-day than he was three years and a half ago, or ten or twenty-five years ago. He is as well-meaning as ever; he still is fain to think that he is governing by New Testament methods. There is no change in his purposes or *bona fides*. What has happened is this: Pius X has had to deal chiefly with two classes of problems, one, politico-ecclesiastical, the other, intellectual. In managing the former, the gigantic fabric of centuries of Papal traditions, with their secular aims, their autocratic pride, their immovable stubbornness and their theocratic pretensions, has imposed itself upon his mind as a thing sanctioned of Heaven, as an inviolable apparatus of dogma upon which it would be sacrilege to lay irreverent hands. Now, the normal ecclesiastical mind is so drilled and disciplined in adhesion to dogma that, at the behest of dogma, it can readily lose the elementary spiritual insight of the unsophisticated Christian heart, and can become blind and deaf to the plainest teachings of Gospel Christianity. Not much proof is needed for that statement. Look at those old-time Dominican monks who tortured the heretic in the dungeons of the Inquisition, and burned him in the public square to make an orthodox holiday. Those men were sincere. They put heart and fervor into every psalm they chanted while the victim shrieked in agony. They devoutly believed in the Papal bull which gave them a plenary indulgence every time they assisted at the trial or torture of a heretic. None of their monstrous violations of the religion of Jesus, their blasphemous pretences to do such things in His name, were perceived by them to be wicked, because their primary moral sense had been perverted by what they thought was divine dogma. And, if these good men have gone without a scruple from meditating on the Beatitudes to presiding at an *auto da fé*, why cannot a pious bishop ascend the Papal throne, and, thinking that the traditions of that throne—the worldly, pompous, tyrannical traditions of it—are as dogmas, make himself as much a despot as Julius II or Pius V? A genius, it is true, may rise above his office, under whatever pile of accumulated perversity it may be buried; a broadly cultivated man will be able to see the worthlessness of any claim put forward in behalf of theology which outrages the plain dictates of his religious

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nature. But, as Pius X is not a genius, as his culture is scarcely mediocre, he has submissively surrendered to the historical Papal spirit, and has made himself believe that it is of God. Let us give some illustrations of how this good man has been perverted and overcome by the venerable sham of the traditions of his chair.

In October, 1903, the King of Italy visited the President of the French Republic at Paris. Common courtesy, as well as international good-will, required that the visit be returned. Accordingly, early in 1904 the Chamber voted 450,000 francs to defray the expenses of President Loubet's journey to Rome. It was further understood, indeed M. Loubet himself had said it, that the President would call officially upon the Pope. Now, as every one knows, the Papacy, since the fall of the temporal power in 1870, has forbidden the heads of Catholic states to visit the Italian King in his capital, because this monarch is regarded by the Pope as a despoiler of the Church's domain, and as such is excommunicated. This Papal veto had never been disregarded during the reigns of Pius IX and Leo XIII. By stretching charity, one might forgive this attitude in Pius IX, inasmuch as it was he who had to suffer the first shock of spoliation; under Leo XIII it became obsolete and ridiculous; and in these days it is a miserable, fictitious, un-Christian pretence, which offends the good sense and morality of mankind. In the first place, the Catholics of the world are overwhelmingly against the restoration of the temporal power. In the second place, the former Papal territories are now by the highest right the legitimate possession of the kingdom of Italy, for the simple reason—a reason recognized in all law, canonical as well as civil—that the inhabitants of those territories are contented and loyal subjects of their present Government, and are so opposed to clerical domination that, if temporal power were restored to-morrow, they would rise in civil war against it. In the third place, the insistence upon temporal power for the last thirty-five years has had disastrous consequences for religion in Italy itself. The young Italian has, practically, to choose between patriotism and apostasy. In the old Papal states, Catholics can take no part—*nè eletti nè elettori*—in the political life of their country, if they are to obey the Pope, and must isolate themselves into a perpetual clerical menace. There is no calculating what the Catholic Church has lost in membership, in prestige, in spiritual vitality, by this

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scandalous clamor for provinces and principalities. If Pius X had put an end to it, a thrill of new life and exultant joy would have passed through the body of believers throughout the world. But no! the Pope, devoutly bearing his New Testament, has had his good heart blinded by the corrupt tradition which would put an earthly crown upon the head of Christ's delegate, and would surround the chair of Peter the fisherman with the barbaric pomp of secular kingship. He failed appallingly to rise to the splendid spiritual opportunity; and the French Foreign Office received from the Papal Secretary of State a letter protesting against the projected visit of M. Loubet, and intimating that the Pope could not receive him at the Vatican. This insult was all the more mischievous and un-Christian from the fact that, as M. Loubet himself gave warning, the anti-Catholic agitation in France would undoubtedly become more bitter if the nation saw its official head visited with so serious an indignity. This the President told to the Archbishop of Bordeaux, adding that he personally was averse to persecuting the Church. "But," he said, "this action of the Pope will disarm me, and make it impossible for me to allay the storm." Several French churchmen wrote to the Vatican, imploring the Pope to receive the President, and pointing out the immense effect for evil that a contrary course would produce. All was in vain. M. Loubet was told that Pius X would not admit him to the Vatican; and, more serious still, Merry del Val handed to each minister accredited to the Holy See a letter of complaint and protest against France. This letter was not intended for publication, but it saw the light through M. Jaurès, the Socialist, who procured it from the Prince of Monaco. The entire French nation was roused to fury; M. Nisard, ambassador at the Vatican, was recalled; and the dissolution of the Concordat became inevitable. Thus, by a haughty pertinacity in clamoring for temporal power, Rome pushed France further down the path of national apostasy. Can we wonder if thoughtful Catholics are asking which the court of Rome values more, the souls of men, or a greedy ambition, which is now all the worse from being both devoid of justice and devoid of hope?

Equally darkened have been the counsels of Pius X in regard to the movement for Catholic Democracy in Italy. For many years, the younger Italian Catholics, both priests and laity, have

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been openly expressing their grief at the condition of religion in their country, and have been devising modern measures of enlightened zeal for furthering the cause of their faith. These men see Italian Catholicism paralyzed to a serious degree by formalism, and overgrown with superstition; they see the seminaries giving to future priests an inferior and antiquated education; they see that fatal aloofness of priest from people which has brought Catholicity in all Latin countries to its present decayed and moribund condition; they see their fellow Italians drifting in multitudes from the Church, as from a dead thing which has no vital part in modern society. And, at the spectacle, these zealous men are crying aloud to the Church to display an energetic apostolic spirit, to adopt modern methods, and to let in modern light. Their programme includes the dissemination of literature, the formation of working-men's clubs, the freer mingling of priest and people, the encouragement of patriotism, and concerted Catholic action for all good ends, moral, social and political.

It was an inspiring dream, as have been other similar dreams of earnest men who have endeavored to show that Catholicism can thrive in the atmosphere of modern liberty. But every one of these dreams has ended in disaster. Every movement for a hundred years—Gratry's, de Lamennais's, Montalembert's, Rosmini's—to reconcile the Papacy with progressive civilization has produced only martyrs, nothing else. The martyr of Italian Catholic Democracy is Don Romolo Murri, a noble and highly educated priest, whose single purpose is to serve his Church by bringing it into harmony with his country and the age. He is at this writing condemned, and forbidden to ascend the altar. Pius X has prohibited the Christian Democrats from taking any initiative of their own whatsoever. They must go to the bishops and to the Pope for the approval of every project, every book, pamphlet, or article which comes from them. They cannot open their mouths to utter a word of their social, political or religious programme, until the Italian Episcopate grants them permission. This, of course, means the absolute paralysis of the whole movement; it means the death of lay activity; it means silence for those young priests who have of late been too fond of using the hated word, "*modernità*." In consequence, the Christian Democrats have split in two; the conservatives, who wish to remain in

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sterile submission, have gathered about the episcopal staff and kissed the sacred purple; the more energetic have formed a new society called the "*Lega Democratica Nazionale.*" This association, while declaring frankly for an honorable independence from clericalism in purely political and social endeavor, affirms that it is unalterably Catholic, and wishes above all to promote the highest interests of the faith. A great number of young Italian Catholics have joined it, and many priests throughout Italy have expressed sympathy with its aim and spirit. The Pope became highly alarmed at these preliminary stirrings of liberty, and on the 28th of last July addressed to the bishops of Italy the encyclical, "*Pieni d'animo,*" which is about the most disheartening Papal document since the Syllabus. The Pope exclaims that he is dismayed at the signs of insubordination among the younger Italian clergy and seminaries. He finds among them, he says, a thirst for mischievous novelty—*novità malsana*—and altogether too much fine talk about new departures in the Church, a new social vocation for the clergy, and that sort of thing. All this is abominable, and must be done away with by the most stringent acts of ecclesiastical authority. Accordingly, he legislates that no newspapers are to be allowed into Italian seminaries, nor any periodicals, save one or other which the bishop may consider harmless. No priests are to engage in social works of any kind, nor are they to write a line for publication, even on purely technical subjects, without the express permission and censorship of the bishops. And, as for the *Lega Democratica Nazionale,* if any priest dares to become a member of it, he is *ipso facto* suspended from all priestly functions.

All this is an old, old story; opposition to liberty, anathema against civilization, hatred of the light; and, if any Catholic in his zeal for the Church speaks out in behalf of the light, smash him with the bludgeon of condemnation! "*Restaurare omnia in Christo*" sounds like blasphemy from the Pius X of to-day.

One word more about the *Lega Democratica Nazionale.* Notwithstanding the encyclical of July 28th, the League held its first congress at Milan on September 15th. The inaugural address, delivered by Signor Gallarati-Scotti, contained the following magnificent words, magnificent from the point of view of courage, pure Catholicity and truth, but ominous for the traditional despotism of the Papal See. Said Gallarati-Scotti:

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"Are we rebels? Rebellion there would be if we separated ourselves from the great life of Christian fellowship in the Church, of which the Pope is the head, the visible centre, and the spiritual guide. But it is not rebellion to stand forth in opposition to a theocracy disguised as religion which demands that we submit to it our every act and thought. This sort of submission would be not humility but humiliation. We are not rebels against the faith, nor against hierarchical authority in its true divine mission upon earth. No; we proclaim ourselves as one in Catholic faith with even the most illiterate old woman at her prayers. But we are rebels against a false conception of authority, . . . and against that ignorance of real religion which tries to give divine sanction to matters of mere secular policy and to transient phases of opinion, and would coerce the activity of a nation within antiquated forms, while refusing to permit that spontaneous development which alone can create the new institutions and adaptations demanded by Christian civilization."

If Catholicity has no room for men and sentiments like these, Catholicity must die.

We might go on to similar purpose with describing other features of the politico-ecclesiatical régime of Pius X. We might dwell, for example, upon the case of Bishop Bonomelli. This splendid prelate, bishop of Cremona, in his Lenten pastoral of 1906, came out explicitly and powerfully against union of Church and State. This is an opinion which no Catholic is supposed to hold. That Church and State ought to be united, and that the contrary view is abominable liberalism, is the position of Catholic theology, reaffirmed in the strongest language in the Syllabus of Pius IX. For obvious reasons, we American Catholics are not often reminded of this theological teaching. The fact is, American Catholics of any enlightenment, whether clerical or lay, stand squarely by our Constitution in this matter, and reject as an unholy impertinence the attempt of the Roman Curia to include this Church and State doctrine in the religion of the Son of God. But the Papacy clings to mediæval theocracy, and stubbornly refuses to admit the separation theory as anything better than a makeshift, which the Church tolerates only because she is obliged to tolerate it. So, when Bishop Bonomelli publicly advocated the modern thesis, the uproar was prodigious. The Lombard bishops protested to the Pope against this erring brother, and Pius X, in acknowledging their letter, said that Mgr. Bonomelli had been guilty of holding a liberal opinion which the Church had condemned and could never tolerate. In the midst of the disturbance the Bishop himself went to Rome,

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and the Pope refused to see him. Pius's own good heart, and that New Testament which he meditates, would have undoubtedly suggested that a brother bishop be received, however great his fall. But the traditions of Papal despotism! How often have not piety and the Gospels gone down before them!

We can delay no longer on this side of the reign of Pius X; but we must say a few words, before concluding, on the intellectual problems with which the Pope has had to deal, and on the attitude which he has adopted toward scholarship. Catholic theology, like every other Christian theology, has had to take account in recent years of historical and Biblical criticism. The discoveries of archæology, the analysis of the sacred text, and the fresh light thrown upon Christian origins, have necessitated many far-reaching revisions of theological opinion. Loyal and truth-loving Catholic students have undertaken this hard task of harmonizing the substance of the ancient faith with the assured results of modern learning. Necessarily, these men have had to abandon many old views which were not strictly of faith—*de fide*—but which were part and parcel, nevertheless, of the traditional dogmatic theology. Against them a tremendous uproar has been raised by the conservatives, to whom scientific criticism is accursed. Our best scholars have been condemned, their writings have been put on the Index, and a violent effort is making by the official theologians of Rome to close the door in the face of scholarship. The situation is exceedingly serious. A bludgeon is not an argument; and putting a man on the Index will not stop research. Whatever Rome's power of repression may be, she cannot annihilate Truth; and, like wildfire, the "new" views of criticism are spreading among Catholics, and, despite the despairing rage of the Curia, are destined to take firm hold on the minds of educated laymen and priests. As to the policy of Pius X, amid this momentous domestic struggle, it can be characterized in no other way than as a brutal assault upon enlightenment. This page could be filled with the names of high-minded Catholic scholars who have suffered outrages to their convictions during the present pontificate. Some have had their published works condemned; others have been prohibited from publishing manuscripts that are ready for the press; many have been attacked by Roman theologians, and dare not reply; several will not put pen to paper, knowing that condemnation awaits them; and so on

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through a whole catalogue of despotism. It is an era of darkness for the Catholic scholar; and no graver question could possibly be asked than how long these men who love Truth as they love God will endure the domination of an ignorant faction, which presumes to rule the world in the name of the Most High.

Let us give an instance of the intellectual tyranny that prevails under Pius X. For ten years the ablest Jesuit author in English was Father George Tyrrell of England. This man, after spending twenty-five years with the Jesuits, felt himself constrained to ask release from the Order, and about a year ago petitioned the General of the Society for honorable dismissal, in due form. While the petition was pending at Rome, an anonymous pamphlet appeared in Italy dealing with certain relations between criticism and theology, and certain adaptations which must be introduced into the theology of the future. The Jesuit General, already an enemy of Father Tyrrell, asking him to repudiate the authorship of the pamphlet. On Father Tyrrell's refusal to do so, the General expelled him from the Society under suspension; that is to say, Father Tyrrell could not exercise any priestly functions and was forbidden to receive the sacraments of the Church. As last Lent drew toward its close, Father Tyrrell wrote to the Cardinal-Prefect of the Roman Congregation of Bishops and Regulars for permission, if not to say mass, at least to receive the Eucharist, as every Catholic is bound to do, during the Lenten or Easter season. His letter, and along with it a still more urgent request later on, was absolutely ignored by Cardinal Ferrata. Finally, a more than usually tender-hearted Continental bishop wrote to Rome, asking if he might not receive Father Tyrrell into his diocese, and thus restore him to his proper priestly status. This letter was, of course, at once acknowledged by the Cardinal, who answered that Father Tyrrell would be permitted to enter the bishop's diocese and resume his suspended privileges, *on condition that he would submit his future epistolary correspondence to ecclesiastical supervision!* This infamous proposition called forth a letter from Father Tyrrell to Ferrata, which must have struck shame into the Curia, if shame had not long since ceased to dwell there. The English priest addresses the Italian Cardinal in the language of an outraged freeman, to whom servitude is not a virtue, but who holds liberty, truth and justice as supreme. The Englishman reminds the Italian that

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the condition imposed by Rome disgraces the tribunal from which it proceeds, and tells him categorically that the condition is rejected. Sorrowful as it is to a priest to be held up before the world as degraded, he will suffer that indignity, he says; and, rather than fling his manhood beneath the heel of a Roman despot, he will live and die without his privileges and rights as a priest, trusting to God for vindication.

For evils of Papal despotism such as we have been describing, and we might mention many more, there is no remedy save one. Rome will never spontaneously reform. The episcopate is equally insensible to the need of a change. It is public opinion that must force relief from the hideous régime under which we have suffered so long. When Catholics tell their priests and bishops, face to face, that they are sick of Italian government without consultation, and Italian taxation without representation; when Catholic scholars refuse to sacrifice their reason at the dictation of the Roman tribunals which, in 1633, decided that it was damnable heresy to hold that the earth went round the sun; and when the *people,* by every organ of public utterance open to them, demand the purification of Catholicism, then, and not till then, Rome will yield; then, and not till then, the claim to govern by the New Testament will be a truth, and not a sham and a falsehood as it is now.

A CATHOLIC PRIEST.

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THE CASE OF SENATOR SMOOT AND THE MORMON CHURCH.

BY JAMES WILFORD GARNER, PH.D., ASSOCIATE PROFESSOR OF POLITICAL SCIENCE, UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS.

In January, 1903, a petition bearing the signatures of nineteen citizens of Utah was laid before the Senate, praying that Reed Smoot, a Senator-elect from that State, "be not permitted to qualify by taking the oath of office or to sit as a member of the United States Senate, for reasons affecting the honor and dignity of the United States and their Senators in Congress." The prayer of the petitioners was not granted; and, upon the presentation of his certificate of election, he was duly sworn in, and he has since been engaged in the discharge of his duties as a Senator of the United States. Immediately after the seating of Senator Smoot petitions praying for his expulsion began to pour in from every quarter of the country; petitions containing not less than one million signatures have been laid before the Senate, and there is hardly a woman's club or similar organization in the country that has not joined in the prayer.

The protest from Utah was referred to the Committee on Privileges and Elections, and in March, 1904, the Committee entered upon an investigation of the charges contained therein. The inquiry was continued in 1905 and again in 1906; the hearings have recently been concluded, the Committee has decided to recommend that Smoot's seat be vacated, and the public is waiting with increasing impatience the action of the Senate. About seventy-five witnesses, mostly from Utah, were heard at Washington; and their testimony, together with the arguments of counsel and the documentary exhibits, fill five printed volumes of about 4,000 pages. This is the most thorough and exhaustive investigation of Mormon affairs ever made, and comprehends

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within its scope not merely an inquiry into the qualification of Senator Smoot, but the history of the Mormon Church, its organization, creed, practices, business affairs and even the lives of its prominent members.

It will be remembered that the Mormons, after their trouble at Nauvoo, migrated in 1847 to the shores of Salt Lake, then outside the jurisdiction of the United States. There, under the teachings of Brigham Young, who, in 1852, became Governor of the Territory by appointment of President Fillmore, and who was reappointed in 1856, they began the practice of polygamy, and continued it without interference upon the part of the Federal Government for the next ten or twelve years. By 1862 the moral sentiment of the country having become aroused over the polygamous practices of the Mormons, Congress yielded to the pressure of public opinion, and passed an act imposing a fine of not more than $500, and imprisonment not exceeding five years, for the offence of bigamy in any Territory of the United States. Nothing was done to interfere with such plural marriages, however, as had already been contracted.

By the Edmunds Act of 1882, the distinction between "polygamy" and "unlawful cohabitation" was introduced into Federal jurisprudence; and, as a means of reaching those who had contracted polygamous marriages before 1862, the latter offence as well as the former was forbidden under heavy penalties. By the same Act polygamists were disfranchised in the Territories. Active prosecutions under this Act were begun about 1884, but means of evading it were soon found; and, in 1887, Congress passed the Edmunds-Tucker Act, to remove as far as possible the deficiencies of the former Act. It made the first wife a competent witness, defined and punished adultery, made fornication a penal offence, and required marriages to be recorded in the courts. By another act, passed about the same time, Congress directed the confiscation of the property of the Mormon Church and its application to charitable and educational uses, on the ground that it was being used for the teaching of polygamous doctrines and the encouragement of polygamous practices.

The Mormons promptly contested the validity of the legislation forbidding plural marriages, as being in violation of the First Amendment, which prohibits Congress from passing any law respecting religion, but in 1878 the Supreme Court sustained

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the validity of the law. Likewise, the forfeiture Act was upheld, as was the disfranchising provision of the Edmunds Act.

At this juncture, the President of the Church, Wilford Woodruff, sought, as he claims, Divine guidance as to the course he should pursue, in view of the critical situation in which the affairs of the Church were left by the Anti-Mormon legislation and its judicial approval by the Supreme Court. He claims to have received in answer to his prayer a revelation authorizing him to suspend the Divine command enjoined upon his predecessor concerning polygamy, and to advise his followers to obey the law of the State. Accordingly, on September 29th, 1890, he issued a "manifesto," announcing his own intention to submit to the anti-polygamy laws and to use his influence with the members of the Church to have them do likewise. This "manifesto" was laid before the Mormon people in one of their great convocations at the Tabernacle, and was unanimously ratified. The effect of its adoption was to place polygamy under the ban of the Church, as it was already under that of the State. In Utah, it has been generally observed by Mormon adherents, and to a less extent outside of Utah; but it is significant that it has never been published in the Book of Doctrine and Covenants, although the old command to take plural wives is still retained therein as a part of the Mormon creed. On having his attention called to this fact, President Smith, in his testimony before the Senate Committee, stated that the omission was due merely to "inadvertence," and that the "manifesto" had, in fact, been separately printed and placed in the hands of missionaries. There was nothing in the letter of the "manifesto" concerning the dissolution of existing marriages nor concerning polygamous cohabitation with wives already taken; but Woodruff, on having his attention called to the omission, subsequently stated that it was his intention that the proclamation should include cohabitation as well as future polygamous marriages, and he wished it to be so interpreted.

In the year following the issue of the "manifesto," the President of the Church and the apostles presented an amnesty petition to the President of the United States, in which they styled themselves the "shepherds of a patient and suffering people"; declared that their followers were scattered and their leaders imprisoned, that they had abandoned their former belief in polygamy and were themselves in sackcloth and ashes. In view of the official aban-

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donment by the Church of polygamy, and upon the solemn assurances of its leaders that no further plural marriages would be allowed, President Harrison, in June, 1893, issued a proclamation granting a full pardon and amnesty to all those who were liable to penalties by reason of unlawful cohabitation under the cover of polygamous marriages, provided such cohabitation had not taken place since the issue of the "manifesto." In September, 1894, President Cleveland issued a proclamation expressing satisfaction that the members of the Mormon Church were generally abstaining from plural marriages and polygamous cohabitation, and extended a full pardon to all who had complied with the terms of the previous proclamation. In the same year, Congress enacted that inasmuch as the Church has discontinued the practice of polygamy, so much of the personal property and money belonging to the Church as was then in the hands of the receiver appointed under the Confiscation Act of 1887 should be restored; and, finally, in 1896 Utah was admitted to the Union upon the express condition that polygamy should be prohibited in the State, and this condition was embodied in article two of its constitution. The act of admission did not expressly forbid cohabitation with plural wives already married, although the existing laws of Utah for the punishment of polygamy were declared to be in force in the State. With the bestowal of the commonwealth status on Utah, the authority of Congress over polygamy in the State ceased; and henceforth its power was restricted to the enforcement of the conditions upon which Utah was admitted to the Union. Clearly, in the exercise of this power Congress must address itself to the State and not to the individuals who violate the law of the State. Over polygamy as such it has no more power than it has over divorce or any of the other domestic relations.

The investigation of the Senate Committee shows the situation as regards Mormonism to be substantially as follows: The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints has about 300,000 adherents in the United States, including about 50,000 members of the reorganized Church who deny that Joseph Smith, the prophet, ever preached or practised polygamy. In Utah, where the great majority of the Mormons are to be found, they constitute, according to conservative estimates, at least two-thirds of the population. About one-fifth of the population of Idaho are also adherents of the Mormon Church; while a considerable number are found in

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Wyoming, Arizona and New Mexico. At the time of the issue of the manifesto, it was ascertained by a Church census, the reliability of which may be questioned by some, that there were about 2,450 heads of polygamous families living in the United States belonging to the Mormon Church. Most of them were old men who had taken plural wives before the enactment of the anti-polygamy laws, and many of them have since died, so that the number is now estimated to be considerably less than one thousand. Of the fifteen members constituting the First Presidency and the Apostolate, eight are living in polygamy, the number of their wives aggregating forty-five. Practically all of these wives have been taken since the enactment of the anti-polygamy laws, and several of them have been taken since the issue of the "manifesto." In October, 1905, two of the apostles who had contracted polygamous marriages since the "manifesto" resigned their offices on account of the popular pressure brought to bear upon them. The other polygamist apostles who took plural wives before 1890 apparently do not consider that their offences come within the purview of the "manifesto," notwitstanding Woodruff's express statement that it was designed to forbid polygamous cohabitation as well as future polygamous marriages. The President of the Church, Joseph Smith, testified at great length, frankly admitted that he was living in polygamy, said he knew it to be in violation of the law of Utah and the law of the Church, but that he regarded his obligations to his wives to be higher than those which he owed the State, and that, if his countrymen saw fit to punish him, he was ready to take the consequences. Thus the Mormon leaders are not observing, as the laws of the Church require, the terms of the "manifesto," nor living up to the profession embodied in their petition for amnesty, nor fulfilling the pledges and solemn assurances made to secure the admission of Utah to the Union. Instead of actively using their powerful influence to secure the faithful observance of the law by the body of members who look to them for advice and counsel, the majority of them are, by example if not by precept, daily encouraging the practice of polygamy.

The main charge against Senator Smoot is embodied in the protest laid before the Senate in January, 1903, which has been made the basis of the proceeding against him. His exclusion is demanded for the reason that he is "one of a self-perpetuating

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body of fifteen men, who, constituting the ruling authorities of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints, claim the Divine right to shape the belief and control the conduct of those under them in all matters whatsoever, civil and religious, temporal and spiritual, and who exercise the same so as to inculcate and encourage a belief in polygamy and polygamous cohabitation, who countenance and connive at violations of the law regardless of pledges made for the purpose of obtaining Statehood and amnesty, and by all means in their power protect and honor those who with themselves violate the laws of the land, and are guilty of practices destructive of the family and the home." The protest does not charge him with polygamy, polygamous cohabitation or other criminal conduct. On the other hand it declares:

"We accuse him of no offence cognizable by law, nor do we seek to put him in jeopardy of his liberty or his property. We ask that he be deprived or no natural right nor of any right which, under the Constitution or laws of the land, he is fitted to exercise. With watchful jealousy we claim for him, whether as a private citizen or as a church official, as for ourselves, all the rights, privileges and immunities safeguarded by the Constitution."

Another protest was filed by one John L. Leilich, a Gentile clergyman of Utah, charging Smoot with being a polygamist, but the charge was not supported by proof. Of all the witnesses, Gentile and Mormon, who appeared before the Senate Committee, there seems to have been none to charge the respondent with being a violator of the law either of the State or of the Church. It appears from all the evidence produced in the course of the inquiry that he is a man of blameless character, and certainly the nature of the vote by which he was elected to the Senate shows that he possesses wide popularity in his State, among Gentiles and Mormons alike. His chief offence is that, as an apostle of the Mormon hierarchy, he has supported and sustained his brother leaders in their violation of the law. Thus he voted for the election of Smith to the Presidency of the Church, and has regularly sustained him twice a year ever since, with full knowledge of his polygamous cohabitation. Again, he voted for the election to the Apostolate of a polygamist whose wives have been taken since the issue of the "manifesto." As a trustee of Brigham Young University, he has supported and sustained polygamist presidents and professors of the institution and, in other capaci-

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ties, he has contributed by his vote to the elevation of other polygamists to positions of honor and trust. Apparently, he has felt no scruples in sitting at the council board and fellowshipping with his seven apostolic brethren, who are living in polygamy in violation of the law. A careful study of the mass of evidence submitted to the Committee leads me to the opinion that this is the only charge against Senator Smoot that is entitled to serious consideration in determining his fitness for membership in the Senate.

Several other reasons of less weight have been advanced in support of the demand for the exclusion of Senator Smoot. One is that the oaths which he took as a member and as an apostle of the Church render him unfit, morally and intellectually, for discharging the duties of a Senator. All good Mormons are expected to go through the endowment house where marriages are solemnized and obligations and covenants entered into,—which are kept secret from the rest of the world. One of the alleged oaths is a solemn vow to pray to Almighty God to avenge the blood of Joseph Smith upon this nation, and to teach the same to their children to the third and fourth generations. Most of those who were called before the Committee testified that they took no such vow of vengeance, others declared that they were unable to remember the substance of their endowment oaths owing to the length of the ceremony, which lasts eight hours. The only witness who gave definite testimony on this point was a former professor in the Brigham Young University, who had been forced to resign his position on an alleged charge of drunkenness, and who subsequently left the Church. He says he went through the endowment ceremony twelve different times, at each of which he took the oath of vengeance. Senator Smoot in his testimony says that he took his endowment oaths in his eighteenth year, and that, while he remembers the substance only indistinctly, he is positive that he made no vow of hostility to the United States. His oath as an apostle is also alleged to disqualify him from the full and free performance of his duties as a legislator. On this point the protest runs:

"Whatever his protestations of patriotism and loyalty, it is clear that the obligations of any official oath to which he may subscribe are, and of necessity must be, as threads of tow compared with the covenants which bind his intellect, his will and his affections, and which hold him

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forever in accord with and subject to the will of a defiant and law-breaking apostolate."

During the examination of one of the witnesses on this point, Senator Hoar raised the question whether the thraldom in which Senator Smoot is placed, as a result of his religious obligations, could be more inconsistent with his freedom as a legislator than that which is imposed upon every other Senator by the discipline of his political party. When Mr. Smoot was sworn in as a Senator, he took an oath to support the Constitution of the United States and bear true faith and allegiance to it. At the same time, he swore that he took the oath without any mental reservation whatsoever. If, therefore, any inconsistency exists between his earlier oath, as a Mormon apostle, and his later oath, as a Senator, the obligations of the former, according to the rules governing oaths, are superseded by the latter. The assertion made by the protestants that his claim as a Mormon apostle to receive Divine revelations and commands direct from God, both in spiritual and temporal matters, renders him incapable of acting as a free agent, and therefore unfits him for legislative duties, should not be taken seriously, and may therefore be dismissed without comment.

Among the charges against Mormonism in general is that the Church interferes in politics, conducts business affairs on a large scale, and makes use of the public schools to inculcate the doctrines of the Mormon religion. The charge of interfering in politics was the main theme of a speech by Senator Dubois before the Mothers' Congress at Washington in March, 1905. "The Mormons' great aim," he declared, "is political power so as to protect them in their polygamous practices. It is impossible now," he asserted, "to elect a Senator from Utah, Idaho or Wyoming who will openly oppose the methods or practices of the governing power of the Mormon Church." Senator Kearns in a speech made in the Senate, on February 28th of last year, spoke along the same line, declaring that no man could be elected to Congress from Utah against their wish. In support of the statement that the Mormons control the politics of the State, statistics were presented to the Committee showing that the Constitution of Utah was framed by a Convention, a large majority of whose members were Mormons, that every governor, every secretary of State, every treasurer and every superintendent of

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public education, since the admission of the State to the Union, has been a Mormon; that no less than two-thirds of the members of every legislature have been Mormons, and that eight of the thirteen Senators and Representatives in Congres have likewise been adherents of the same faith. It will readily be admitted that the activity of a political party organized along sectarian lines is to be deplored, most of all in the United States; but the history of the country is not without many instances in which the adherents of a particular religious belief have voted together to carry elections, and at least one national political party was organized largely for the purpose of excluding the members of a certain religious denomination from public office, and it achieved notable successes in a number of States. Moreover, in passing judgment on Senator Smoot's case, we should not overlook the fact that his election was not due to the Mormon vote. He was the choice of most of the Republican members irrespective of religious faith, and was opposed by the Democrats, Mormons as well as Gentiles. To deprive him of his seat on the ground, therefore, that he was put in power by the Mormon Church hardly seems justifiable from the facts.

A specific form of the interference of the Mormon Church in temporal affairs is embodied in the so-called "political rule" promulgated by the hierarchy in 1896, requiring high Church officials who desire to become candidates for political office to get permission from the proper authorities,—secure "leave of absence," to use the language of the "rule." This requirement was observed by Smoot when he became a candidate and he was elected; but when Moses Thatcher, one of the apostles, refused to be bound by the rule and became a candidate for the Senate without the necessary leave, he was unfrocked, deposed from the apostolate, defeated in his candidacy for the Senate, and allowed to continue as a member of the Church only upon expressing penitence and publicly acknowledging that he had done wrong in disregarding a rule of the hierarchy. The Mormon contention is that the rule is a mere disciplinary measure, intended to prevent the apostles from being distracted from their religious duties by the exactions of political life; and whenever, in a given case, it feels that it cannot spare one of them and refuses to grant the leave, he has only to resign his ecclesiastical office and run independently of the will of the hierarchy. Thatcher was in open

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revolt against the authorities, and his punishment was necessary to maintain the discipline and integrity of the Church, so the hierarchy claimed.

Another example of the interference of the Mormon Church in civil affairs is its maintenance of courts for the adjudication of civil controversies among its members. The record was put in evidence of a case in which a Mormon woman, charged with an attempt at fraud in a land transaction, was tried by a bishop's court, found guilty and ordered to execute a deed of cession in favor of the plaintiff. She thereupon appealed to the higher church authorities to be allowed to "go to law," but the decision was adverse, and she was directed to "follow the order of the Church governing such matters." Refusing to execute the deed, she was excommunicated from the Church, a great affliction was visited upon her, and, finally, as the only means of escaping from her strange condition, she yielded and executed a conveyance for a tract of land which she strenuously claimed to be her own. In another case, judgment was rendered on a promissory note, and the maker condemned by a bishop's court to pay certain instalments of interest and principal. The only power the Church courts have of enforcing their judgments is excommunication; but, with a people so completely under the control of their leaders, it is often quite as effective as the method by which the judgments of civil courts are executed. It is true, as the Mormons contend, that many other religious sects maintain courts for the handling of cases of un-Christianlike conduct, and that it is good policy for the Church to discourage litigation among its members and encourage the peaceful settlement of their disputes; but, when it goes to the extent of denying to its members the privilege of recourse to the courts of the State, it is guilty of usurpation and tyranny. Nevertheless, it is a matter which concerns the State of Utah and not the Congress of the United States.

Finally, the Mormon Church is indicted for conducting business enterprises. In various communities of Utah it owns and operates the street railways, electric light and power plants, coal-mines, salt-works, sugar-factories, mercantile establishments, drug-stores, publishing-houses and theatres, and, it is charged, refuses to permit competition on the part of non-Mormon enterprises. An instance of such interference occurred in Brigham City, where the church authorities dictated to the city council its

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policy with regard to the lighting of the streets. Another instance was cited in which the Church assumed the right to regulate places of amusement in the city, forbade the establishment of a dancing-pavilion, but finally gave its consent upon the agreement of the private company to pay the Church twenty-five per cent. of the proceeds. In answer to this charge, the Mormons affirm, with obvious truth, that many Gentile churches own and manage property from which they derive an income; while others, like the Zionites, conduct many business enterprises and endeavor in various ways to find profitable employment for their members. Whether reprehensible or not, it is a matter of Church policy, and has no relation to the moral or mental fitness of a United States Senator to retain his seat.

Of all the reasons alleged in support of the exclusion of Smoot, the only one, as I have said, that seems entitled to serious consideration is that his membership in a hierarchy the majority of whose members are living in polygamy, contrary to the law of the State he represents, renders him unfit, morally, to occupy a seat in the National legislature. This is the point on which the whole case hinges. By the express admission of his accusers, he is not amenable for any crime cognizable by law, nor for any not cognizable by law if the customary distinction between passive knowledge of crime and active encouragement is preserved. The argument based on mental thraldom is far from convincing to a judicial mind. The other arguments that the Mormon Church interferes in politics, that it conducts business enterprises, maintains courts for the settlement of civil controversies and similar activities apply with equal force to the case of the present Mormon Representative in the Lower House of Congress, and to the other Mormon Senators and Representatives who have represented Utah in the past.

The present investigation has brought nothing to light that has not already been well known. It may be said that Utah in neglecting to suppress polygamy is not fulfilling its compact of admission, and that Congress should punish the State by denying it representation, or, if necessary, by depriving it of the use of the mails or the Federal judiciary. But Congress at this late day can hardly reproach, much less punish, the State of Utah for failure or inability to do what the United States neglected to do when it had both the necessary power and authority. If the

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National Government had done its duty, polygamy would have been strangled to death in Utah fifty years ago. Brigham Young was allowed to hold the office of Governor of the Territory for eight years, during all of which period he was openly teaching and practising polygamy. Congress neglected to act until thousands of polygamous marriages had been entered into, and then it passed a law that was easily evaded. Finally, when an effective statute was passed, it was not vigorously enforced. With all the facts that are now known about the political and business activities of the Church, as well as its organization and creed, before it, Congress admitted Utah to the Union as a State. One of the first Senators from the new State was a Mormon, and all the Representatives of the State in the Lower House of Congress since its admission, with one exception, have been Mormons. All of them had taken their endowment oaths, and were subject to the control of an ecclesiastical hierarchy; all had supported polygamist presidents and apostles, and all owed their election mainly to Mormon votes, yet they were seated without objection and served out their terms. The only difference in Mr. Smoot's case is that he holds an office in the Church and consequently possesses greater authority in shaping its affairs; in addition he also enjoys the privilege of receiving Divine revelations in both temporal and spiritual matters.

If the Senate in its judgment should see fit to construe Mr. Smoot's membership in the Mormon priesthood as inconsistent with his right to a seat in the Senate, there remains the important question of procedure—whether he shall be expelled, in which case the assent of two-thirds of the Senators is necessary; or whether his seat shall be declared vacant by a mere majority. If it were a question of constitutional qualification, a bare majority would obviously suffice, for the clause which empowers each House to judge of the qualifications of its members does not specify the extent of the majority required. Moreover, in accordance with the practices and usages of parliamentary bodies, a member who should become insane, idiotic or violent, or who should become afflicted with a dangerous contagious disease, might be excluded by the vote of a bare majority; but no such questions are presented in the present case. Smoot possesses all the qualifications required by the Constitution for a Senator; and, when he was sworn in, no objection was raised on this point, and nothing has

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since occurred to affect his constitutional eligibility. It is, therefore, not a question whether as a member-elect he shall be admitted to his seat, but a question of whether, as a fully qualified member, he shall be deprived of it.

This case must be distinguished from the Roberts case that arose in the House in 1899. The question there was whether a self-confessed criminal, living in daily violation of the law, could take the oath of office prescribed by the Constitution for members of Congress—that is, it was a question of qualification, and the House decided by a mere majority that he could not qualify. The Constitution and the precedents recognize but one method by which a legally qualified member, who is not physically or mentally dangerous, can be deprived of a seat to which he has been regularly elected and admitted without objection, namely, expulsion; and, in order to protect him against the prejudices and passions of the majority, the Constitution requires the assent of two-thirds of the members to vacate his seat.

During the Civil War each House refused by a mere majority vote to admit certain members to their seats on the ground that, being disloyal, they could not qualify by taking the oath of office; but, whenever either House had occasion to deprive members of seats to which they had been admitted, expulsion by a two-thirds majority was the method of procedure followed. There seems to be no instance in which a member of either House, possessing all the requisite constitutional qualifications and "guilty of no offence cognizable by law," has been deprived of his seat otherwise than according to this method of procedure. The contention of the Hon. John G. Carlisle, counsel for those who prosecuted the case against Senator Smoot, that, in addition to the constitutional disqualifications for membership in the Senate, anything else is a disqualification that the Senate may by mere majority vote decide to be, if true, destroys the protection which the framers sought to provide by an express enumeration of the eligibility requirements. The question of whether Senator Smoot ought to be deprived of his seat is one concerning which men of the highest moral standards may differ; but there should be no difference of opinion concerning his right to the means provided by the Constitution for his protection against the possible prejudices and passions of his colleagues.

JAMES WILFORD GARNER.

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ANATOLE FRANCE.

BY JAMES HUNEKER.

I.

In the first part of that great, human Book, dear to all good Pantagruelists, is this picture: "From the Tower Anatole to the Messembrine were faire spacious galleries, all coloured over and painted with the ancient prowesses, histories and descriptions of the world." The Tower Anatole is part of the architecture of the Abbey of Thélème, in common with the other towers named, Artick, Calaer, Hesperia and Caiere.

For lovers of the exquisite and whimsical artist, Anatole France, a comparison to Rabelais may not appear strained. Anatole, the man, has written much that contains, as did the gracious Tower Anatole, "faire spacious galleries . . . painted with ancient . . . histories." He has in his veins some infusion of the literary blood of that *"bon gros libertin,"* Rabelais, a figure in French literature who refuses to be budged from his commanding position, notwithstanding the combined prestige of Pascal, Voltaire, Rousseau, Chateaubriand, Hugo and Balzac. And the gentle Anatole France has also a pinch of Rabelais's *esprit gaulois,* that Gallic salt which may be found in Balzac and Maupassant.

To call France a sceptic is to state a commonplace. But he is so many other things that he bewilders. The spiritual stepson of Renan, a partial inheritor of his gifts of irony and pity, and a continuator of the elder master's diverse and undulating style, France displays affinities to Heine, Aristophanes, Charles Lamb, Epicurus, Sterne and Voltaire. The "glue of unanimity"—to use an expression of the old pedantic Budæus—has united the widely disparate qualities of his personality. His outlook upon life is the outlook of Anatole France. His vast learning is worn with an air almost mocking. After the bricks and mortar

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of the realists, after the lyric pessimism of the morally and politically disillusioned generation following the Franco-German war, his genius comes in the nature of a consoling apparition. Like his own Dr. Trublet, in "*Histoire Comique,*" he can say: "*Je tiens boutique de mensonges. Je soulage, je console. Peut-il consoler et soulager sans mentir?*" And he does deceive us with the resources of his art, with the waving of his lithe wand which transforms whales into weasels, mosques into cathedrals.

Perhaps too much stress has been set upon his irony. Ironic he is with a sinuosity that yields only to Renan. It is irony rather in the shape of the idea, than in its presentation; atmospheric is it rather than surface antithesis, or the witty inversion of a moral order. He is a man of sentiment, Shandean as it is at times. But the note we always hear, if distantly reverberant, is the note of pity. To be all irony is to mask one's humanity; and to accuse Anatole France of the lack of humanity is to convict oneself of critical color-blindness. His writings abound in sympathetic overtones. His pity is without Olympian condescension. He is a most lovable man in the presence of the eternal spectacle of human stupidity and guile. It is not alone that he pardons, but also that he seeks to comprehend. Not emulating the cold surgeon's eye of a Flaubert, it is with the kindly vision of a priest he studies the maladies of our soul. In him there is an ecclesiastical *fond*. He forgives because he understands. And after his tenderest benediction he sometimes smiles; it may be a smile of irony, yet it is seldom cruel. He is an adroit determinist, yet sets no store by the logical faculties. Man is not a reasoning animal, he says, and human reason is often a mirage.

But to label him with sentimentalism *à la Russe*—the Russian pity that stems from Dickens—would shock him into an outburst. Conceive him, then, as a man to whom all emotional extravagance is foreign; as a detester of rhetoric, of declamation, of the phrase facile; as a thinker who assembles within the temple of his creations every extreme in thought, manners, sentiment and belief, yet contrives to fuse this chaos by the force of his sober style. His is a style more linear than colored, more for the ear than the eye; a style so pellucid that one views it suspiciously —it may conceal in its clear, profound depths strange secrets, as does some mountain lake in the shine of the sun. Even the simplest art may have its veils.

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In the matter of clarity, Anatole France is the equal of Renan and John Henry Newman, and if this same clarity was at one time a conventional quality of French prose, it is rarer in these days of haste. Never syncopated, moving at a moderate *tempo,* smooth in his transitions, replete with sensitive rejections, crystalline in his diction, a lover and a master of large luminous words, limpid and delicate and felicitous, the very marrow of the man is in his unique style. Few writers swim so easily under such a heavy burden of erudition. A loving student of books, his knowledge is precise, his range wide in many literatures. He is a true humanist. He loves learning for itself, loves words, treasures them, fondles them, burnishes them anew to their old meanings —though he has never tarried in the half-way house of epigrams. But, over all, his love of humanity sheds a steady glow. Without marked dramatic sense, he nevertheless surprises mankind at its minute daily acts. And these he renders for us as candidly "as snow in the sunshine"; as the old Dutch painters stir our nerves by a simple shaft of light passing through a half-open door, upon an old woman polishing her spectacles. M. France sees and notes many gestures, inutile or tragic, notes them with the enthralling simplicity of a complicated artist. He deals with ideas so vitally that they become human; yet his characters are never abstractions, nor serve as pallid allegories; they are all alive, from Sylvestre Bonnard to the group that meets to chat in the *Foro Romano* of "*Sur la Pierre Blanche.*" He can depict a cat or a dog with fidelity; his dog "*Riquet*" bids fair to live in French literature. He is an interpreter of life, not after the manner of the novelist, but of life viewed through the temperament of a tolerant poet and philosopher.

This modern thinker, who has shed the despotism of the positivist dogma, boasts the soul of a chameleon. He understands, he loves, Christianity with a knowledge and a fervor that surprise until one measures the depth of his affection for the antique world. To further confuse our perceptions he exhibits a sympathy for Hebraic lore that can only be set down to his lineage. He has rifled the Talmud for its forgotten stories; he delights in juxtaposing the cultured Greek and the strenuous Paul; he adores the contrast of Mary Magdalen with the pampered Roman matron. Add to this a familiarity with the proceeds of latter-day science, astronomy in particular, with the scholastic specula-

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tion of the Renaissance, mediæval piety, and the Pyrrhonism of a boulevard philosopher. So commingled are these contradictory elements, so many contacts are there exposed to numerous cultures, so many surfaces avid for impressions, that we end in admiring the exercise of a magic which blends into a happy synthesis such a variety of moral dissonances, such moral preciosity. It is magic; though there are moments when we regard the operation as intellectual legerdemain of a superior kind. We suspect dupery. But the humor of France is not the least of his miraculous solvents; it is his humor that often transforms a doubtful campaign into a radiant victory. We see him, the protagonist of his own psychical drama, dancing on a tight rope in the airiest manner, capering deliciously in the void, and quite like a prestidigitator bidding us doubt the very existence of his rope.

His life long, Renan, despite his famous phrase, "the mania of certitude," was pursued by the idea of an absolute. He cried for proofs. To Berthelot he wrote: "I am eager for mathematics." It promised certitudes. As he aged, he was contented to seek an atmosphere of moral feeling; though he declared that "the real is a vast outrage on the ideal." He tremulously participated in the ritual of social life, and in the worship of the unknown god. He at last felt that nature abhorred an absolute; that Being was ever a Becoming; that religion and philosophy are the result of a partial misunderstanding. All is relative, and the soul of man must feed ever upon chimeras! The Breton harp of Renan became sadly unstrung amid the shallow thunders of agnostic Paris.

But France, his eyes quite open and smiling, gayly Pagan Anatole, does not demand proofs. He rejoices in a philosophic indifference, he has the gift of paradox. To Renan's plea for the rigid realities of mathematics, he might ask, with Ibsen, whether two and two do not make five on the planet Jupiter! To Montaigne's "What Know I?" he opposes Rabelais's, "Do What Thou Wilt!" And then he proceeds to adorn the wheel of Ixion with garlands.

He believes in the belief of God. He swears by the gods of all climes and times. His is the cosmical soul. A man who unites in his tales something of the Mimes of Herondas, La Bruyère's Characters, the Lucian Dialogues and the Characters of Theophrastus, with faint flavors of Racine and La Fontaine,

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may be pardoned his polygraphic faiths. With Baudelaire he knows the tremors of the believing atheist; with Baudelaire he would restrain any show of irreverence before an idol, be it wooden or of bronze. It might be the unknown god!—as Baudelaire once cried.

This pleasing chromatism in beliefs, a belief in all and none, is not a new phenomenon. The classical world of thought has several matches for Anatole France, from the followers of Aristippus to the Sophists. But there is a specific note of individuality, a *roulade* quite Anatolian in the Frenchman's writings. No one but this accomplished Parisian sceptic could have framed "The Opinions of Jerome Coignard" and his wholly delightful scheme for a Bureau of Vanity; "man is an animal with a musket," he declares; and Sylvestre Bonnard and M. Bergeret are new with dynamic novelty.

Be humble! he exhorts. Be without intellectual pride! for the days of man, who is naught but a bit of animated pottery, are brief, and he vanishes like a spark. Thus Job—France. Be humble! Even virtue may be unduly praised: "Since it is overcoming which constitutes merit, we must recognize that it is concupiscence which makes saints. Without it there is no repentance, and it is repentance which makes saints." To become a saint one must have been first a sinner. He believes with William Blake that "the road of excess leads to the palace of wisdom." He quotes, as an example, the conduct of the blessed Pelagia, who accomplished her pilgrimage to Rome by rather unconventional means. Here, too, we recognize the amiable casuistry of Anatole —Voltaire. And there is something of Baudelaire and Barbey d'Aurevilly's piety of imagination with impiety of thought, in France's pronouncement. He is a Chrysostom reversed; from his golden mouth issue most spiritual blasphemies.

Mr. Henry James has said that the province of art is "all life, all feeling, all observation, all vision." According to this rubric, France is a profound artist. He plays with the appearances of life, occasionally lifting the edge of the curtain to curdle the blood of his spectators by the sight of Buddha's shadow in some grim cavern beyond. He has the Gallic tact of adorning the blank spaces of theory and the ugly spots of reality. A student of Kant in his denial of the objective, we can never picture him as following Königsberg's sage in his admiration of the starry

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heavens and the moral law. Both are relative, would be the report of the Frenchman. But, if he is sceptical about things tangible, he is apt to dash off at a tangent and proclaim the existence of that "school of drums kept by the angels," which the hallucinated Arthur Rimbaud heard and beheld. His method of surprising life, despite his ingenuous manner, is sometimes as oblique as that of Jules Laforgue. And, in the words of Pater, his is "one of the happiest temperaments coming to an understanding with the most depressing of theories."

For faith he yearns. He humbles himself beneath the humblest. He excels in picturing the splendors of the simple soul; yet faith has not anointed his intellect with its chrism. He admires the golden filigree of the ciborium; its spiritual essence escapes him. He stands at the portals of Paradise; there he lingers. He stoops to some rare and richly colored feather. He eloquently vaunts its fabulous beauty, but he will not listen to the whirring of the wings from which it has fallen. Pagan in his irony, his pity wholly Christian, Anatole France has in him something of Petronius and not a little of Saint Francis.

II.

Born to the literary life, one of the elect whose career is at once a beacon of hope and despair for the less gifted or less fortunate, Anatole François Thibault first saw the heart of Paris in the year 1844. The son of a bookseller, Noël France Thibault, his childhood was spent in and around his father's book-shop, No. 9 du quai Voltaire, and his juvenile memories are clustered about books. There are many faithful pictures of old libraries and book-worms in his novels. He has a moiety of that Oriental blood which is said to have tinctured the blood of Montaigne, Charles Lamb and Cardinal Newman; the delightful "*Livre de Mon Ami*" gives his readers many glimpses of his early days. Told with incomparable naïveté and verve, we feel in its pages the charm of the writer's personality. A portrait of the youthful Anatole reveals his excessive sensibility. His head was large, the brow was too broad for the feminine chin, though the long nose and firm mouth contradict the possible weakness in the lower part of the face. It was in the eyes, however, that the future of the child might have been discerned—they were lustrous, beautiful in shape, with the fulness that argued eloquence and

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imagination. He was, he tells us, a strange boy, whose chief ambition was to be a saint, a second St. Simon Stylites, and, later, the author of a history of France in fifty volumes. Fascinating are the chapters devoted to Pierre and Suzanne in this memoir. His tenderness of touch and power of evoking the fairies of childhood are to be seen in "Abeille." The further development of the boy may be followed in "Pierre Nozière." In college life, he was not a shining figure, like many another budding genius. He loved Virgil and Sophocles, and his professors of the Stanislas College averred that he was too much given to day-dreaming and preoccupied with matters not set forth in the curriculum, to benefit by their instruction. But he had wise parents—he has paid them admirable tributes of his love—who gave him his own way. After some further study in L'Ecole des Chartres, he launched himself into literature through the medium of a little essay, "*La Légende de Sainte Radegonde, reine de France.*" This was in 1859. Followed nine years later a study of Alfred de Vigny, and in 1873 "*Les Poëmes dorées*" attracted the attention of the Parnassian group then under the austere leadership of Leconte de Lisle. "*Les Noces Corinthiennes*" established for him a solid reputation with such men as Catulle Mendés, Xavier de Ricard and de Lisle. For this last-named poet young France exhibited a certain disrespect—the elder was irritable, jealous of his dignity and exacted absolute obedience from his neophytes; unluckily a species of animosity arose between the pair. When, in 1874, he accepted a post in the Library of the Senate, Leconte de Lisle made his displeasure so heavily felt that France soon resigned. But he had his revenge in an article which appeared in "*Le Temps,*" and one that put the pompous academician into a fury. Catulle Mendés sang the praises of the early France poems: "'*Les Noces Corinthiennes*' alone would have sufficed to place him in the first rank, and to preserve his name from the shipwreck of oblivion," declared M. Mendés.

In 1881, with "The Crime of Sylvestre Bonnard" he won the attention of the reading world, a crown from the Academy, and the honor of being translated into a half-dozen languages. From that time he became an important figure in literary Paris, while his reputation was further fortified by his criticisms of books—vagrom criticism, yet charged with charm and learning. He followed Jules Claretie on "*Le Temps,*" and there he wrote for

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five years (1886-1891) the *critiques,* which appeared later in four volumes, entitled "*La Vie Littéraire.*" Herr Georg Brandes has said that, in the strict sense of the word, M. France is not a great critic. But France has said this before him. He despises pretentious official criticism, the criticism that distributes good and bad marks to authors in a pedagogic fashion. He may not be so "objective" as his one-time adversary, M. Ferdinand Brunetière, but he is certainly more enjoyable.

The quarrel, a famous one in its day, seems rather faded in our days of critical indifference. After his clever formula, that there is no such thing as objective criticism, that all criticism but records the adventures of one's soul among the masterpieces, France was attacked by Brunetière—of whom the ever-acute Mr. James once remarked that his "intelligence has not kept pace with his learning." Those critical watchwords, "subjective" and "objective," are things of yester-year, and one hopes, forever. But in this instance there was much ink spilt, witty on the part of France, deadly earnest from the pen of Brunetière. The former annihilated his adversary by the mode metaphysical. He demonstrated that in the matter of judgment we are prisoners of our ideas, and he also formed a school that has hardly done him justice, for every impressionistic value is not necessarily valid. It is easy to send one's soul boating among masterpieces and call the result "criticism"; the danger lies in the contingency that one may not boast the power of artistic navigation possessed by Anatole France, a master steersman in the deeps and shallows of literature.

His own critical contributions are notable. Studies of Chateaubriand, Flaubert, Renan, Balzac, Zola, Pascal, Villiers de l'Isle, Adam, Barbey d'Aurevilly, Rabelais, Hamlet, Baudelaire, George Sand, Paul Verlaine—a masterpiece of intuition and sympathy this last—and many others, vivify and adorn all they touch. A critic such as Sainte-Beuve, or Taine, or Brandes, France is not; but he exercises an unfailing spell in everything he signs. His "august vagabondage"—the phrase is Mr. Whibley's—through the land of letters has proved a boon to all students.

In 1897 he was received at the Académie Française, as the successor of Ferdinand de Lesseps. His participation in the Dreyfus affair with its triumphant conclusion, his addresses at

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the tombs of Zola and Renan, are matters of history. As a public speaker, France has not the fiery eloquence of Jean Jaurès or Laurent Tailhade, but he displays a cool magnetism all his own. And he is absolutely fearless.

It is not through lack of technique that the structure of the France novels is so simple, his tales plotless, in the ordinary meaning of the word. Elaborate formal architecture he does not affect. The novel in the hands of Balzac, Flaubert, Goncourt and Zola, would seem to have reached its apogee as a canvas upon which to paint a picture of manners. Mr. Arthur Symons has said that the great exterior novels have been written. In the sociological novel, the old theatrical climaxes are absent, the old recipes for cooking character find no place. Even the love motive is not paramount. The genesis of this form may be found in Balzac, in whom all modern fiction is rooted. Certain premonitions of the *genre* are also encountered in "*L'Education Sentimentale*," of Flaubert, with its wide, gray horizons, its vague murmurs of the immemorial mobs of vast cities, its presentation of undistinguished men and women. Truly democratic fiction, by a master who hated democracy with creative results.

Anatole France, Maurice Barrès, Edouard Estaunie, Rosny (the brothers Bex), René Bazin, Bertrand and the astonishing Paul Adam, are in the van of this new movement of fiction with ideas, endeavoring to exorcise the "demon of staleness." French fiction in the last decade of the past century saw the death of the naturalistic school. Paris had become a thrice-told tale, signifying the wearisome "triangle" and the chronicling of flat beer. Something new had to be evolved. Lo! the sociological novel, which discarded the familiar machinery of fiction, rather than miss the new spirit. It is unnecessary to add that in America the fiction of ideas has not been, thus far, of prosperous growth; indeed, it is viewed with suspicion. Thanks to our infantile conception of the theatre and the novel, we are still muddling along in early Victorian darkness.

Loosely stated, the fiction of Anatole France may be divided into three kinds: fantastic, philosophic and realistic. This arbitrary grouping need not be taken literally; in any one of his tales we may encounter all three qualities. For example, there is much that is fantastic, philosophic, real, in that moving and wholly human narrative of Sylvestre Bonnard. France's fa-

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miliarity with cabalistic and exotic literatures, his deep love and comprehension of the Latin and Greek classics, his knowledge of mediæval legends and learning, coupled with his command of supple speech, enable him to project upon a ground-plan of simple narrative extraordinary variations.

The full flowering of France's knowledge and imagination in things patristic and archæologic is to be seen in "Thaïs," a masterpiece of color and construction. It is evidently the outcome of a fervent appreciation of Flaubert's "*Le Tentation de Saint-Antoine,*" an epic truly Goethian in its grandeur. Thaïs is that courtesan of Alexandria, renowned for her beauty, wit and wickedness, who was converted by the holy Paphnutius, saint and hermit of the Thebaïd. How the devil finally dislodges from the heart of Paphnutius its accumulation of virtue, is told in an incomparable manner. If unhappy old Flaubert was pleased by the first offering of his pupil, Guy de Maupassant (*"Boule de Suif"*), what would he not have said after reading "Thaïs"! *Gigantesque!* The ending of the wretched monk, following his spiritual victories as a holy man perched on a pillar—a memory of the author's youthful dream—is lamentable. He loves Thaïs, who dies; and thenceforth he is condemned to wander, a vampire in this world, a devil in the next. A monument of erudition, thick with pages of jewelled prose, "Thaïs" is a book to be savored slowly and never forgotten. It is the direct parent of Pierre Loüys' "Aphrodite," and other evocations of the antique world.

Of great emotional intensity is "*Histoire Comique*" (1903). It is a study of the histrionic temperament, and full of the major miseries and petty triumphs of stage life. It also contains a startling incident, the suicide of a lovelorn actor. The conclusion is violent and morbid. The nature of the average actress has never been etched with such acrid precision. There are various *tableaux* of behind and before the footlights; a rehearsal, an actor's funeral and the life of the greenroom. Set forth in his most disinterested style, M. France shows us that he can handle with ease so-called "objective" fiction. His Doctor Trublet is a new France incarnation, wonderful and kindly old consoler that he is. He is attached as house physician to the Odéon, and to him the comedians come for advice. He ministers to them body and soul. His discourse is Socratic. He has wit and wisdom. And he displays the motives of the heroine so that we seem to

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gaze through an open window. As vital as Sylvestre Bonnard, as Bergeret, Trublet is truly an avatar of Anatole France. "*Histoire Comique*"! The title is a rare jest aimed at mundane and bohemian vanity.

Where the ingenuity and mental flexibility, not to say historical mimicry, of France is seen at its supreme, is in "*La Rôtisserie de la Reine Pédauque.*" Jacques Tournbroche, or Turnspit, is an assistant in the cook-shop of his father, in old Paris. He is of a studious mind, and becomes the pupil of the Abbé Jérôme Coignard, "who despises men with tenderness," a figure that might have stepped out of Rabelais, though baked and tempered in the refining fires of M. France's imagination. Such a man! Such an ecclesiastic! He adores his Maker and admires His manifold creations, especially wine, women and song. He has more than his share of human weakness, and yet you wonder why he has not been canonized for his adorable traits. He is a glutton and a wine-bibber, a susceptible heart, a pious and deeply versed man. Nor must the rascally friar be forgotten, surely a memory of Rabelais's Friar Jhon. There are scenes in this chronicle that would have made envious the elder Dumas; scenes of swashbuckling, feasting and bloodshed. There is an astrologer who has about him the atmosphere of the black art with its imps and salamanders, its nymphs and fairies, and an ancient Jew who is the Hebraic law personified. So lifelike is Jérôme Coignard that a book of his opinions was bound to follow. His whilom pupil Jacques is supposed to be its editor. "*Le Jardin d'Epicure*" and "*Sur la Pierre Blanche*" (1905) are an excuse for the opinions of M. France on many topics—religion, politics, science and social life. Notwithstanding their loose construction, they are never inchoate, and they are never dull. That the ideas put forth may astound by their perversity, their novelty, their nihilism, their note of cosmic pessimism, is not to be denied. Our earth, "a miserable small star," is a drop of mud swimming in space, its inhabitants mere specks, whose doings are not of importance in the larger curves of the universe's destiny. Every illustration, geological, astronomical and mathematical, is brought to bear upon this thesis—the littleness of man and the uselessness of his existence. But France loves the harassed animal man, and never fails to show his love. Interspersed with this moralizing are recitals of rare beauty, "Gallion" and "*Par la Porte de Corne ou par la*

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Porte d'Ivoire," to be found in *" Sur la Pierre Blanche."* Here, the classic scholar, that is the basis of France's temperament, fairly shines.

In the four volumes of *" Histoire Contemporaine"* we meet a new Anatole France, one who has deserted his old attitude of Parnassian impassibility for a suave anarchism, and one who enters the arena of contemporaneous life bent on slaughter, though his weapon is ever the keen polished blade, never the rude battle-axe of cheap polemics. It is his first venture in the fiction of sociology; properly speaking, it is the psychology of the masses, not exactly as Paul Adam handles it in his striking and tempestuous *" Les Lions"* (a book Balzacian in its fury of execution), but with the graver temper of the philosopher. He paints for us a provincial university town with its intrigues, religious, political and social. The first of the series is *" L'Orme du Mail," " Le Mannequin d'Osier," " L'Anneau d'Améthyste"* and *" Monsieur Bergeret à Paris"* (1901). The loop that ensnares this quartet of novels is the simple motive of ecclesiastical ambition. Not since Ferdinand Fabre's *" L'Abbé Tigrane,"* has French literature had such portraits of the priesthood; Zola's ecclesiastics are ill-natured caricatures. The Cardinal Archbishop, Abbé Lataigne, and the lifelike Abbé Guitrel, with the silent, though none the less desperate, fight for the vacant bishopric of Turcoing—these are the three men who with Bergeret carry the story on their shoulders. About them circle the entire diocese and the tepid life of a university town. Yet anything further from melodramatic machinations cannot be imagined. Even the clerics of Balzac seem exaggerated in comparison. The protagonist is a professor, a master of conference of the University Faculty, a worthy man and earnest, though by no means an exalted talent. He has the misfortune of being married to a worldly woman who does not attempt to understand him, much less to love him. She deceives him. The episode is one of the most curious in fiction. It would be diverting if it were not so painful. It reveals in Bergeret the preponderance of the man of thought over the man of action. His pupil and false friend is also a sound classical scholar! And is given the scholar's excuse as a plea for forgiveness! But hesitating as appears Bergeret, he utilizes his wife's conduct as a springboard from which to fly his household. Henceforth, with

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his devoted sister and daughter, he philosophizes at ease and becomes a Dreyfusard. His dog *Riquet* is the recipient of his deepest thoughts. His monologues in the presence of this animal are the best in the book.

There are many characters in this serene and bitter tragi-comedy. A contempt, almost monastic, peeps out in the treatment of women. They are often detestable. They behave as if an empire was at stake, though it is only a conspiracy whereby Abbé Guitrel is made Bishop of Turcoing. France always displays more pity for the frankly sinful woman than for the frivolous woman of fashion. There is also a subplot, the effort of a young snob, Bonmont by name (Guttenberg, originally), to get into the exclusive hunting set of the Duc de Brécé. This hunt-button wins for the diplomatic Abbé Guitrel his coveted See. M. France is unequalled in his portrayment of the modern French-Hebrew millionaire, his Wallsteins and Bonmonts. He draws them without *parti-pris*. His prefect, the easy-going, cynical Worms-Clavelin, with his secret contempt of Jews and Gentiles alike, and his wife who collects ecclesiastical bric-à-brac, are executed by a great painter of character. He exposes with merciless impartiality a mob of men and women in high life. But his aristocrats are no better than his ecclesiastics or bankers. There is a comic Orléanist conspiracy. There are happenings that set your hair on end, and a cynicism at times which forces one to regret that the author left his study to mingle with the world. Nor is the strain relieved when poor Bergeret goes to Paris. There he is enmeshed by the Dreyfus party. There he comes upon stormy days. His high ideals never desert him. He is as placid in the face of contemptuous epithets and opprobrious newspaper attacks as he was calm when stones were hurled at his windows in the provinces. A man obsessed by general ideas, he is lovable and never a bore, though M. Faguet and several other critics have cried him stupid.

There is enough characterization and incident in "*Histoire Contemporaine*" to ballast a half-dozen novelists with material. And there are treasures of humor and pathos. The success of the series has been awe-inspiring; indeed, awe-inspiring is the success of all the France books, and at a time when Parisian prophets of woe are lamenting the decline of literature. Nevertheless, here is a man who writes like a great artist, whose work, web

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and woof, is literature, whose themes, with few exceptions, are not of the popular kind, whose politics are violently opposed to current superstition, whose very form is hybrid; yet he sells, and has sold, in the hundreds of thousands. Literature cannot be moribund in the face of such a result. His is a case that sets one speculating without undue emphasis upon a certain superiority of French taste over Anglo-Saxon in the matter of fiction.

"An art, ironical, easy, fugitive, divinely untrammelled, divinely artificial, which, like a pure flame, blazes forth in an unclouded heaven . . . *la gaya scienza;* light feet; wit; fire; grace; the dance of the stars; the tremor of southern light; the smooth sea" —these Nietzschean phrases might serve as an epigraph for the art of that apostle of innocence and experience, Anatole France.

JAMES HUNEKER.

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ENGLAND'S FOOD-SUPPLY IN TIME OF WAR.

BY LIEUTENANT CARLYON BELLAIRS, R.N.

FOR a number of years there has been a considerable agitation in Great Britain concerning the dependence of the country on oversea supplies of food.

The psychological factor has assumed great importance in British preparations, so much so that a proposal involving diversion of money to some fanciful scheme is frequently justified by a Cabinet Minister on the sole ground that it serves to calm the public mind. That the case is familiar to Americans was shown in the war with Spain when, under a weak administration, we find that, in the words of a member of the Navy Board, Captain Mahan, "the flying squadron was kept in Hampton Roads to calm the fears of the seaboard." Citing this instance, the Royal Commission on the Supply of Food and Raw Material in War (1905) add that, owing to geographical position, "our risk is greater than their risk." It is beside my immediate purpose to expose this fallacy about the safety of distance, or to show how, if Hampton Roads and the Canary Islands had been as near to each other as the English Portland and the French Brest, Cervera's squadron would have been, to use a military expression, "contained" by a watching force from the outset of the war. Thus, the safety of Australia does not lie in its distance from a possible naval attack, but in the proximity of British naval forces to the European naval bases. War is wholly a matter of perspective, which changes sharply according to the risks run. If the naval forces present insure risks to the enemy which, for him, make "the game not worth the candle," the position of commerce is precisely that of the Japanese in the vicinity of Japan and the Gulf of Pechili during the war. Even the transports sailing

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singly, like ordinary merchant vessels, enjoyed relative immunity from attack. To obtain an idea of the perspective of the situation, it may be pointed out that the risks run proved to be less than those incurred from ordinary navigation in the way of grounding, fire or collision, which are what we cheerfully accept every day of our lives. On the other hand, Russian shipping was entirely arrested, as the Port Arthur fleet was unable to afford adequate protection.

A further consideration is that, apart from torpedo craft, which have never proved of the slightest utility for attacks on trade routes, and have never been able singly to achieve anything against moving vessels, the only ships capable of maintaining themselves at sea are the very expensive, fast, armored cruisers, which can do so on their coal-supply for about a fortnight. So clearly is this recognized that none of the great maritime Powers is now building unarmored ships. Of armored cruisers, no nation except Great Britain has a sufficient number for the existing requirements of her fleets as lookout vessels. To suppose that an admiral will deprive his fleet of eyes is to credit European sailors with an unusual degree of stupidity. He cannot use unarmored vessels for this latter purpose, as they could not push home a reconnaissance nearer than ten thousand yards, and the vessels used must obviously be fast ones. Every time she proceeds to coal, the commerce-destroyer runs the gravest risk. In the American Civil War, three of the Confederate cruisers were lost through inability to obtain coal. As examples of exaggerated notions concerning commerce-destroyers, I take the record of three typical French cruisers. The "*Châteaurenault*" was supposed to be able to steam from Toulon to Saigon without recoaling, and a committee reported that she could not get as far as Singapore and was recoaled at Colombo. The "*Guichen*," ordered to steam full speed to China, managed to attain 14½ knots. The "*Jurien de la Gravière*," designed for a coal endurance of 9,300 miles, was proved by trials to have one of 4,000 miles, while the coal, distributed in 70 bunkers, was exceedingly difficult to stoke. These are typical modern French cruisers; and to regard them as constituting a menace to commerce would only occur to timid persons accustomed to run away from every difficulty that presents itself. The privateer or frigate could always escape from a battle-ship; but these cruisers would incur

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risks from battle-ships built for 18 knots. Is it likely that they are going to deplete their complement to furnish prize crews, when it is notorious that, if the engine-room is not assisted by deck hands, war-ships can only proceed at two-thirds power? And for what purpose? Of ten British steamers, eight are tramps of slow speed. If one is captured, she can only be taken into a national port at her own slow speed. If the prize is sunk, the crew must be accommodated, and war-ships have but little room to spare for passengers. The cruiser is of priceless value in war; and she is to be risked for an operation which can have no influence on the war, and which, if it could be repeated nearly a hundred times, would only inflict a loss of one per cent. on the British mercantile marine. The eight Confederate steamers in the American Civil War had practically a clear field, for no real attempt was made to catch them. They captured only three steamers. Of the two million tons of American sailing-ships, they managed to capture 206 vessels ranging from fishing-craft up. In such operations, five of them were greatly helped by their auxiliary sail-power, enabling them to wait for vessels for months at a time without recoaling, while the other three were captured through their dependence on coal. In spite of these advantages, a Select Committee in America, in 1869, found that only five per cent. of the decline in American tonnage was due to actual captures.

In no single case in maritime history have the operations of commerce-destroyers produced the slightest effect on the issue of the war. The regular operations of fleets have again and again resulted in the total suspension of oversea commerce. Thus, a naval battle, exactly one hundred years ago, caused British insurance rates to tumble down eighteen per cent., and a Select Committee on Marine Insurance reported four years after Trafalgar that, though the total value of the oversea and coasting trade was estimated by them at £320,927,000, only £162,539,000 of this was insured at all. It certainly appears impressive to state the bare fact, as writers habitually do, that Great Britain lost 10,871 vessels in the French Revolutionary and Napoleonic wars. When, however, we divide by the number of years of war, we find the loss to be only 543 vessels *per annum*, or 2.36 per cent. of the average number on the register. At the present time, the United Kingdom annually loses about this percentage of the total number of vessels on the register through the ordinary accidents of naviga-

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tion, wrecks and collisions; and she is able out of her shipbuilding resources to replace them by treble the number, or over a million tons in a year. In the French war, she built on an average 925 vessels *per annum*, and in 1810 no fewer than 4,023 of the vessels carrying on trade under the British flag were ships that had been captured from the enemy. So, again, in the American War of 1812-15, Great Britain lost 2,300 vessels and retook 750, giving a corrected loss of 1,550, as against 1,407 she captured from the United States. The operations of the British fleets, however, resulted in the total cessation of the rival commerce.

If now we assume that the experiences of the French wars were to be repeated, and 2.36 per cent. of British ships were to be captured, the risk to Great Britain's supplies would be much lower, for 40 per cent. are carried in neutral bottoms. This would reduce the risk to 1½ per cent. on the total supplies, or about 3½*d.* in the pound. There are, however, reasons for believing that British commerce was exposed to altogether exceptional dangers in the wars from 1793 to 1815, exceptional, that is, under the circumstances of the policy of maritime supremacy being consistently adhered to. Many of these reasons were touched upon in the evidence before the Commission, such as the impossibility of sailing-ships escaping in a zone forming three-eighths of the compass circle according to the direction of the wind, their liability to be becalmed under the land or at important headlands which they sighted for the correction of their charted positions, and the foul winds which often kept them from entering a port for days. Others not less important were not touched upon, but are sufficiently noteworthy. The British merchant vessels, known as "coffin ships," were then the worst sailing-ships in the world, being built to cheat the port dues levied on breadth and length, but not on depth. With crews depleted by the press-gang, they fell an easy prey to the privateers and armed rowboats. They could not purchase safety by varying their routes and hugging neutral shores, as steamers can do.

There is one further argument, and it is one that has to be seriously considered in view of the sweeping proposal of the Royal Commissioners to indemnify all losses through capture by the enemy. Marbot, in his Memoirs, gives an account of how Masséna and other French generals amassed fortunes by secret agreements with British ship-owners. The ships were volun-

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tarily captured, and were then taken in as prizes free of all duty. If national indemnity became the rule in distant trades, over which control could not be exercised so closely as in European waters and the North Atlantic, the tendency would be to over-insure and pay a heavier premium for the sake of claiming a larger indemnity. The proposal is really an amplification of one made by the writer in lectures before the War Course of Senior Naval Officers in 1901, and before the Royal Artillery Institution in 1902, that the British Government should guarantee the North Atlantic and European routes, thus throwing the most remunerative trades into British hands. I made the proposal for purposes of discussion without any great enthusiasm for it; but I felt that it would be quite safe to withdraw the guarantee after the educational influence of a few months of war. It should be noted that one of the chief causes of safety to commerce in war is that of delay created by the passive resistance of the vessel being hunted, and the means, by rockets and other methods, by which she endeavors to attract the attention of possible distant rescuers. Every merchant vessel should persist in the endeavor to escape until in danger of sinking from actual damage inflicted on her. The chase may, in the case of routes like the Channel, North Sea, and Mediterranean, actually be made, in a majority of cases, to draw the commerce-destroyer into the net spread by the defending cruisers.

It might almost appear to be a condition of maritime power that a nation should be driven to seek its food from oversea. The Phœnicians, the Greeks, the Romans and the Dutch have all, in the time of their maritime greatness, been dependent on sea-communications. Great Britain, in addition to being an island, has been driven by the whole condition of her being to seek her future on the sea. No nation has ever drawn its food-supplies from transmarine territories to anything like the same extent. On an average, over 80 per cent. of the wheat and flour, 55 per cent. of the eggs, 53 per cent. of the butter, and 45 per cent. of the meat consumed are imported. Articles such as tea, coffee and sugar are entirely of foreign origin. A very large proportion of the home supply of meat, butter, milk and eggs is dependent on imported feeding stuffs, and the soil of the country on imported fertilizers. We have seen that the situation really turns on the answer to the question as to how far these supplies

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might be endangered in war. The discussion in Great Britain, however, tends always to the effect of war on prices. The Royal Commission altogether ignored the much more important consideration of the effect of war on wages. They successfully show that no rise of prices took place in Japan on the outbreak of war. They permitted, however, an old fallacy to be revived in evidence about the rise in price of wheat in the Crimean War, as the result of the Russian supply being cut off. The important point was, surely, to examine the statistics of pauperism as an indication of the effect of the rise. If this had been done, it would have been found that pauperism was absolutely stationary, though population was going up. It was a bad oversight not to point out that, in the first year of any prospective maritime war, Great Britain would probably be carrying on her industrial work under the extraordinary stimulus of a Government disbursement for the purpose of war of about £30 per adult male worker in the country, the money being mainly borrowed from posterity. This cause undoubtedly operated in the French Revolutionary War, when, in spite of the inventions of labor-saving machinery, wages undoubtedly rose, while it is impossible to trace any considerable rise of price in wheat until after several years of war. Indeed, in 1800, Pitt pointed out that, in the war years of 1796-1799, "the price sunk perhaps too low for the fair profit of the farmer." The great drop of 40 per cent. in wages and the resultant distress took place after the conclusion of the war. Terrible as the strain of so prolonged a war undoubtedly was, it would not have been so severe, but for the depreciation of the currency, which amounted to nearly 21 per cent. in 1812. After a supreme navy, it is plainly indicated by history that the financial credit of the country is the most important issue.

In the first half of the nineteenth century, the world's wheatfield was still a very limited one so far as Great Britain was concerned. The development of steamers, railways, canals and telegraphs has since enabled her to place the whole world under contribution.

Roughly, the United States retains 52,000,000 quarters of wheat and exports the remainder of her production. Consequently, in 1902 she exported 28,500,000 quarters, and in 1904 only 14,500,000, and of this less than 8,000,000 found its way to the United Kingdom. Yet, though the loss of imports from the

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United States amounted to nearly a fourth of her total consumption, the balance was far more than made up to Great Britain by the heaviest total import on record from all parts. Her wants, we see clearly, can be complied with in a fortnight from a cabled order at any time of the year. We are, in a phrase, no longer dependent upon a fickle climate.

It is in the above circumstances that so nice a balance has been brought about between supply and demand that there have been occasions when the stock of wheat in Great Britain has fallen so low as to afford only six weeks' supply to a population consuming nearly 600,000 quarters (one quarter = 480 lbs.) of wheat in a week. To put it in another way, the population consumes 130,000 tons a week, so that, if it depended entirely on supplies from abroad, about 26 steamers, averaging a carrying capacity of 5,000 tons, ought to arrive every week with supplies. The figure 5,000 tons is selected, as this is the average dead-weight capacity of many liners and cargo-steamers. So long as there is a margin of safety, such as the six weeks' minimum supply already mentioned, it is immaterial if 32 steamers arrive one week and only 20 the next week. At this point, we may usefully note that almost exactly a thousand steamers a week enter the ports of the United Kingdom, and, of these, six hundred are British; so that, in the above assumption of 26 steamers, carrying wheat, only 60 per cent., or 16 of them, undergo war risks. If, in these circumstances, we place the war risks at the very high limit of six per cent., then one out of each group of 16 British steamers would be reckoned as captured. Obviously, if the prices in Great Britain are materially higher than on the Continent, the natural tendency would be to run a couple of extra British or neutral steamers in with wheat, and so more than discount the 5,000 tons of wheat per week lost by capture. Of course, in practice, the eggs are not nearly so much in a few baskets, for the wheat is spread out as part cargoes in a large proportion of the thousand steamers arriving every week. In addition, a far greater loss than we have assumed might be cheerfully borne without replacement, and still leave the wheat consumed per head of population at a far higher figure than that of Germany.

CARLYON BELLAIRS.

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THE OLD PENOLOGY AND THE NEW.

BY EUGENE SMITH, PRESIDENT OF THE PRISON ASSOCIATION OF NEW YORK.

A JUST test of the value of any penal system is found in the quality of its discharged convicts. If a majority of the convicts, who have undergone the discipline prescribed by a prison system, on their discharge return to a life of crime, the fact indicates that the system is defective; and so, *vice versa,* if most of the convicts lead an industrious and law-abiding life after their discharge, the fact speaks well for the system which produces such results. The system is justly judged by what it accomplishes—by its "finished product."

How will the prisons in the United States stand the application of this test?

It is a notorious fact that the most desperate class of criminals in the country consists of discharged convicts. So true is this that, whenever a crime of unusual atrocity shocks the whole community, investigation is very apt to prove that the crime was planned and committed by ex-convicts. And yet not less than ten thousand of these most dangerous criminals are released every year from the prisons of the United States, and turned loose to prey upon the public.

This fact alone is sufficiently appalling, but it is aggravated by a further consideration. A convict undergoing a long term of imprisonment becomes thoroughly known to the prison officers, who are able to form a quite accurate estimate of his character and purposes, and to predict with some confidence whether it is safe to restore him to freedom. These officers may be perfectly sure that the convict, when released from the restraint of the prison, will fall back into crime; nay, more, the convict may openly declare his intention to return to a life of crime, as soon

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as he is set free—all this has no bearing upon his absolute right to a discharge. As soon as the term of his sentence expires, he becomes *ipso facto* a free man, no matter how vicious he may be.

I am sure that future generations will inquire with wonder for an explanation of our amazing folly. Why, when we actually held these dangerous criminals in secure confinement, did we open to them the prison gates, although we had every reason to believe that they went forth, not only to plunder and to kill, but, as experts, to train and to lead the whole criminal class?

The answer is exceedingly simple: the indiscriminate discharge of convicts at the expiration of their sentence, without regard to their fitness for freedom, is due entirely to blind adherence to an ancient, but now thoroughly discredited, theory. The theory may be stated thus: the purpose controlling the State in its dealing with the criminal is the infliction of *retributive punishment* for his crime.

This theory has formed the basis of our penal law and, to understand how it has pervaded our whole criminal jurisprudence, it may be useful to glance at the origin of the theory and briefly to trace its historical development.

Human nature is so constituted that a person who suffers injury from a crime committed by another is inflamed with a feeling of resentment against the offender and a passionate desire for revenge. In very early times, the right of private vengeance was recognized by law; it was the right, perhaps the duty, of the person injured and his next of kin to pursue the offender and to inflict summary punishment upon him. At a period still more remote, it may be that the right of punishing crime was vested not only in the sufferer, but in every individual; this would explain the apprehension expressed by Cain, the first murderer, that whoever should find him would slay him. However this may have been, it is certain that early in Saxon history the punishment of crime was committed by law to private vengeance. In the opinion of Professor Green, this was true in the primitive history of all races:

"Among the English, as among all the races of mankind, justice had originally sprung from each man's personal action. There had been a time when every freeman was his own avenger."*

* Green's "History of the English People," Vol. I, p. 9.

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Sir James Stephen regards the right of personal vengeance by the injured party as an advance upon the earlier condition, when the duty of inflicting punishment devolved upon every member of the community:

"In early times, the really efficient check upon crimes of violence was the fear of private vengeance, which rapidly degenerated into private war, blood feuds and anarchy. . . . It belongs properly to a period when the idea of public punishment for crimes had not yet become familiar. . . . A single step, but still a step, however short, from private war and blood feuds is made when people are invested by law with the right of inflicting summary punishment on wrong-doers whose offences injure them personally. . . . Of this right of summary execution the Saxon laws are full."†

The exercise of private vengeance, however, was incompatible with the maintenance of public order. It perpetuated family feuds, not unlike those of which we read as even now existing in some of the Southern States of the Union. The legal right of private vengeance was thus, from necessity, abrogated, and, in lieu of it, the duty of punishing crime was transferred to the State. This was upon the theory, then originated, that the State was the party injured by crime, even more than the individual victim of the crime; and, in common conception, the State, in punishing crime, simply took the place previously occupied by the individual sufferer and became the *avenger* of crime.

All the legislation and procedure of that early age which followed the acceptance of this new theory of the State show that vengeance was always the controlling, if not the sole, aim in dealing with criminals. Punishments came into use which were characterized by the cruellest tortures that vindictive malignity could devise. For certain crimes, deemed minor offences, there was established an elaborate system of fines payable both to the State and to the individual injured by the crime. Both the tortures and the fines rested upon the same theory of compensatory or retributive punishment, the aim of which was to inflict upon the convict pain and damage commensurate with the crime.

In the course of time, by the softening influences of Christianity and advancing civilization, physical torture fell into disuse; imprisonment came to be generally adopted as the only punishment

† Stephen's "History of the Criminal Law of England." Vol. I, pp. 59, 61.

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for all felonies except capital ones, and fines became applicable to petty misdemeanors. The introduction of imprisonment as the common punishment for all crimes (except the very highest and the lowest) simplified and systematized the penal law. Punishments came to differ only in their *duration*. Applying the same principle of retributive justice, it became necessary to gauge the whole catalogue of crimes according to their several degrees of guilt, and to affix to each crime, as its proper punishment, a stated term of imprisonment. In fixing the duration of such term, the retributive theory required that each convict should remain imprisoned until the sum of the sufferings inflicted upon him was sufficient to compensate and atone for the amount of guilt involved in the particular crime committed by him. This balancing of guilt and punishment was not deemed too difficult or delicate a process to be compassed by general statutes. Codes of criminal law were enacted which contained definitions of the known crimes, and ordained the term of imprisonment for each crime. On the trial of a criminal, after all the testimony was in, the judge had simply to turn to the code, find (from its definitions) the name of the crime proved and the term of imprisonment belonging to it, and then pronounce sentence according to statute. The admeasurement of human guilt became almost as simple as looking up a word in a dictionary.

Centuries ago, the criminal law reached the stage of development here indicated. It remained, unchanged in theory and principle, down to the present age, the embodiment of what may be called "The Old Penology." Within the past generation, certain changes have been proposed and in part adopted, which overturn the foundations and whole superstructure of the old criminal law. These changes are of a nature so radical that they may justly be said to have created a "New Penology."

In order to illustrate the sharp contrast between the old and the new, note four cardinal features of the old system:

1. The theory of *retributive punishment* lay at the very foundation of the whole system. The only aim of imprisonment was to make the convict suffer for his wrong-doing.

2. The length of the sentence was to be proportioned in each case to the degree of guilt indicated by the crime committed. This led to the creation of penal codes which assumed to gauge the relative amounts of guilt involved in the various crimes.

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3. This adjustment of punishment to guilt took place at the conclusion of the trial, and sentence was then pronounced fixing *in advance* the term of imprisonment.

4. As a corollary from what has preceded, when the convict had served his allotted term of imprisonment he was held to have expiated or atoned for his crime; "justice was satisfied," and the convict became absolutely entitled to be restored to freedom, as if he had never committed a crime.

Each and all of these four elements of the old system the new penology rejects and utterly condemns. The theory of retributive punishment cannot be reconciled with any true conception of the function of civil government. The State exists mainly for the *protection* of its people; to remove obstructions which impede progress and which hamper freedom is its highest care. Defence of the public, and not vengeance on the criminal, is the only legitimate aim of the State in dealing with crime. Revenge, not a worthy motive for an individual, is wholly foreign to the majesty of the State. When the State imprisons a criminal, its action is governed by precisely the same reasons that lead it to hold in quarantine a ship bearing contagion, or to confine in an asylum a lunatic affected with homicidal mania. A criminal is, in like manner, a public menace and danger; it is not safe for the public that he should be at large. This reason alone justifies the State in depriving him of his freedom.

If, then, the convicted criminal is imprisoned as a measure of public safety, the same consideration alone should determine the duration of his imprisonment. The amount of his guilt is a psychological problem that Omniscience only can possibly solve; it has no bearing at all on the practical question, How long shall he be kept in prison? The same motive of public protection that first sent him to prison demands that he should remain there until his release becomes consistent with public safety.

But how can the release of a criminal ever become consistent with public safety, unless he shall have undergone a transformation of character? His predatory purposes must be supplanted by habits of industry, self-respect and respect for law, a worthy regard for the good opinion of men, higher ideals and new conceptions of justice and of honor: in a word, normal views of life must gain possession of the man and develop power of self-control in the place of blind passion. This is what *reformation*

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means; this is what modern methods of reformatory prison training and discipline have actually accomplished. Popular opinion is sceptical about the possibility of reforming criminals, but the scepticism rests upon ignorance of what has been achieved. The modern system of reformative treatment may be fairly said to have originated in the Elmira Reformatory thirty years ago; since that time, the system has been experimentally developed and improved in that and other reformatories with most striking results. A large majority of all the felon convicts treated under this system have acquired both the purpose and the power to abstain from crime.

Imprisonment protects the public so long as it continues; reformation makes the protection permanent. The New Penology, of which the key-note is public protection, demands, therefore, that the reformative system shall be introduced and administered in all prisons, and that no convict shall be discharged from prison until he is fitted for freedom. No convict is fitted for freedom while he remains under the dominion of criminal purposes and lacks either the desire or the power to subdue them.

How long a course of reformative treatment may be required to effect the desired result will vary according to the character and temperament of each individual convict. To fix its duration in advance—to make the term of the imprisonment a part of the sentence of conviction—is not less irrational, and even absurd, than would be the commitment of a smallpox patient to a hospital for just ten days, or sending a violent lunatic to an asylum for exactly one year. The patient, the lunatic, the criminal, must all be confined and treated until *cured,* be the time required more or less. To meet this exigency, the New Penology has devised the Indeterminate Sentence for crime, by which the prisoner, upon conviction, is sentenced simply to imprisonment; no term is fixed, but the prisoner is to be released only upon the decision of a competent board that he has gained both the purpose and the ability to lead a law-abiding life.

A reformative system of training is the indispensable complement of the Indeterminate Sentence. The prisoner is thus left to work out his own salvation; the strongest incentive—the love of freedom—appeals to him to accept the situation and cordially to respond to the elevating and strengthening discipline to which he is subjected, until at last his criminal purposes come to be

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supplanted by worthy motives and dawning aspirations toward true manhood.

The Indeterminate Sentence, moreover, reverses the attitude of the State toward the criminal. Under the retributive system, the convict regards the State as a relentless enemy, vindictively inflicting pain and suffering upon him and finally casting him forth only when its vengeance is sated. The Indeterminate Sentence presents the State to the convict as a beneficent power, striving to uplift him and plying him with influences and agencies which aim only at his rehabilitation.

It is not easy to understand how the endurance of retributive punishment came to be regarded as an expiation or atonement for the crime thus punished. Suffering voluntarily endured or reparation voluntarily made, if prompted by sorrow and repentance, may be accepted as expiation of an offence committed; but the expiatory virtue of such suffering consists wholly in its voluntary and repentant character. That suffering compulsorily inflicted and borne with defiance should be deemed an atonement for crime passes comprehension. But this absurd fiction is the only ground on which dangerous criminals are discharged as soon as the term of their sentence, fixed in advance, expires.

The advocates of the New Penology are now concentrating effort to secure the incorporation into criminal jurisprudence of two measures, both of controlling importance:

I. That all prisons for convicts shall be operated under a reformatory system of training and discipline, forming in the convict habits of industry and of correct living, and surrounding him with helpful and uplifting influences, so that every prisoner shall be given a chance to reform.

II. That to prisons thus equipped and administered all prisoners shall be sent under an indeterminate sentence, the essential principle of which is that no prisoner shall be released until he is fitted for freedom.

Both are demanded as measures of sound policy for public protection against crime; and the demand is made doubly imperative because it is in harmony with the spirit of true Christian philanthropy.

EUGENE SMITH.

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NEW BOOKS REVIEWED.

BY GERTRUDE ATHERTON, JOHN BOYD THACHER AND ALVAN F. SANBORN.

"LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL."*

FORTUNATE Randolph Churchill! As unhappy during his lifetime as are most geniuses with insufficient creative vent, he is rescued from oblivion within eleven years of his death by two of the most accomplished living masters of English prose. His career was so brief, so meteoric, so uneven, so unsynonymous with any great public measure, that in the ordinary course of events he could not have expected to fill a conspicuous chapter in the history of England. For he had rather the personality of genius than its creativeness. Nature would seem to have begun his composition in her extensive laboratory with some care, then with the caprice of her sex forgotten him for a time, finally sent his poor little maimed soul scurrying off to earth without the finishing touches that would have made him a great man. With that temperament and that wonderful personality of his, one suspects that she designed him for a poet, or to read into marble or canvas the mysteries of life so blank to mere mortals. Never was a man less equipped temperamentally for the horrible practicalities and disillusions, the mean stings and jealousies and toadyisms of public life. In some respects he was a younger brother to Byron, with his passionate and unconquerable hatred of shams, his forlorn clutch at the hem of vanishing ideals, his—so long as health lasted—power to live in an ardent imagination where all things were coming right; and if he had not married a handsome and superlatively clever woman in his youth, we suspect that he would have had as romantic a career. As it is, the personality that was his

* "Lord Randolph Churchill." By Lord Rosebery. New York: Harper & Brothers.

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crucifixion has saved him from comparative oblivion, and he had become something of a legend even before his son's remarkable *Life*. He moved on the mental horizon of those that never had seen him, with a sort of vague vividness; a curious undecipherable figure incessantly in motion, tormented by a volcanic and somewhat sinister energy. Something of the mystery and all that was sinister in the impression has disappeared since the appearance of Mr. Winston Churchill's book, but there is a still more fascinating and appealing, an incomparably more pathetic, figure permanently enthroned in the public mind. It has become a matter of current history, with or without foundation, that Mr. Churchill announced upon one occasion—in a fit of exasperation, no doubt—that the day would come when Lord Randolph Churchill would be remembered as the father of his son. Personally, I find this story difficult to believe, for one of the most notable things in one of the most notable of biographies is a perfect balance of filial reverence and historic propriety. But if he had any such ambition he has denied it fulfilment by giving to the world not only an unforgettable figure always in the foreground of an exciting historic drama, but a character that appeals so powerfully to the imagination that the permanence of the legend is insured. Randolph Churchill will inspire the novelist and dramatist of the future, possibly the poet—should another Browning arise—in common with Cecil Rhodes, William II of Germany, possibly our own Roosevelt. Indeed, there is more psychology in him than in at least two of the others, and the tragedy of his life, taken in connection with the romance of his descent, his lightning-like personality, his genius for demoralizing the very judgment of those that hated him, and the biting, brilliant, absolutely fearless quality of his wit, will perhaps counterbalance the halo that frames the rare combination of throne and individuality. It is only this power of hypnotizing the public that gives any man the chance to survive as a legend, for he hypnotizes posterity as well, and, judging from what we know of human nature at present, there will be even more of Lord Randolph Churchill a century hence than there is to-day. Only fiction can immortalize, and the dramatist or novelist unborn will alchemize him into a figure that would surprise and satisfy even himself. Meanwhile he is safely embalmed with something of the ancient Egyptian's art.

Lord Rosebery's book would be somewhat superfluous, coming

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while the *Life* is still green in the memory, were it not for the extremely intimate nature of the brief chronicle and the wisdom of its summaries. It lacks the almost creative charm of the *Last Phase,* and we suspect the reason to be that it was not so much a labor of love as of duty; not through any failure in affection for his old friend, but because no one could realize more clearly than so cool and critical a mind as Lord Rosebery's that when once a thing has been supremely well done it were best to let it alone until it has sunk a little with the weight of time, then as inevitably pushed its way to the surface again. But he had given his word to Lord Randolph's mother, and he kept it. One can only respect him for his honesty as well as for his courage; and as far as mere writing is concerned, literature is certainly the richer for the monograph. Moreover, it is possible that many that have not the time or patience for the longer work, and, in the United States, no surpassing interest in English politics, and yet who pride themselves upon being "in the know," will compromise on the shorter work; wherefore, once more, fortunate Lord Randolph!

Here is a sharp etching in the way of reminiscent description:

". . . Randolph's personality was one full of charm, both in public and private life. His demeanor, his unexpectedness, his fits of caressing humility, his impulsiveness, his tinge of violent eccentricity, his apparent devilry, made him a fascinating companion; while his wit, his sarcasm, his piercing personalities, his elaborate irony, and his effective delivery, gave an astounding popularity to his speeches.

"Nor were his physical attributes without their fascination. His slim and boyish figure, his mustache which had an emotion of its own, his round protruding eye, gave a compound interest to his speeches and his conversation. His laugh, which has been described as 'jaylike,' was indeed not melodious, but in its very weirdness and discordance it was merriment itself. All this comes back to a friend as he reads this book (*The Life*)—the boyhood, the manhood, the mournful and gradual decay. He may be pardoned if he draws a little on his memory with regard to this brilliant being."

And again:

"He had also the vital mainspring of zest. To whatever he applied himself he gave for the time being his whole eager heart. He was strenuous at politics, but he was also at times devoted to hunting, racing and chess, and he took gastronomy as seriously as Macaulay. But whatever it might be, politics or pleasure, it possessed him entirely; he did it with gusto, with every nerve and fibre. He had also the fascination of manner. Thus, when he chose, which was perhaps too rarely, he could

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deal successfully with men. He had also at his disposal the charm of conversation, and this was as various as his moods. When he felt himself completely at ease in congenial society, it was wholly delightful. He would then display his mastery of pleasant irony and banter; for with those playthings he was wholly at his best. Nor would he hesitate to air his most intimate views of persons and characters; he did not shrink from criticisms which were candid to the verge of cynicism; he revelled in paradox. A stranger or a prig happening upon him in such moods would be puzzled, perhaps scandalized; for his lighter and more intimate conversation was not to be taken literally. . . . He was, moreover, absolutely unaffected himself, and ruthlessly pricked the bubbles of cant and affectation in others. In graver discussion he had, when he chose, a subtle and engaging deference; his ideas were luminous and original. This deference, however, must not be taken to imply veneration. From that bump his skull was singularly free. . . . He had a faithful and warm heart; from childhood he had been the best of sons; and the whole soul of his mother was with him to the end. While still a lad he ruled the family with autocratic affection, and the affection was unstintedly returned. . . . His friendships were singularly stanch. There might be tiffs, but they would, as a rule, be passing. While they lasted, the horizon would be entirely black, and the human race engaged in a vast combination with the powers of evil against him. . . . His lack of jealousy and his personal charm arose from the same quality—that there was no perfection or claim to perfection about him. He was human, eminently human; full of faults, as he himself well knew, but not base nor unpardonable faults; pugnacious, outrageous, fitful, petulant, but eminently lovable and winning."

It is a fascinating book to quote from, but space is limited. For Lord Rosebery's brief and lucid definition of Tory Democracy, for his analyses of the two great parties and for his general summary of Lord Randolph's career I refer the reader to the book itself, making but two more quotations, one of which exhibits his power of suggestion in relating an anecdote, the other a fine and melancholy paragraph at the end of the book:

"One incident in the lobby (1885) impressed me more than our subsequent conversation. He offered me a cigarette as we were walking to his room and I stipulated for a cigar. He had not got one, he said, but would soon get me one. At this moment there appeared in the passage a portly baronet of great wealth. 'Here's a man who will give me a good cigar,' said Randolph. 'Oh, ——, I want a cigar to give my friend here; have you got your case?' I never shall forget the precipitate veneration with which the baronet produced his best and choicest. It was an object-lesson in Randolph's position."

"He will be pathetically memorable for the dark cloud which gradually enveloped him, and in which he passed away. He was the chief

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mourner at his own protracted funeral, a public pageant of gloomy years. Will he not perhaps be remembered as much for the anguish as for the fleeting triumphs of his life? It is a black moment when the heralds proclaim the passing of the dead, and the great officers break their staves. But it is a sadder still when it is the victim's own voice that announces his decadence, when it is the victim's own hands that break the staff in public. I wonder if generations to come will understand the pity of it, will comprehend the full tragedy of Randolph's marred life?"

In April last I wrote a long review of the *Life* for the San Francisco "Argonaut." It went up in smoke before publication, and as I had no notes I did not care to make the doubtful experiment of reconstructing impressions no longer vivid of outline—for it was several months before San Francisco took up any threads with the past again. But I remember making one suggestion, induced by the high and fascinating qualities of this biography, which it may not be amiss to repeat here, and that was that the Disraeli papers be given to Mr. Churchill. I can imagine no one else who would write the life of that complex, bizarre and significant being with one-half the power of insight and style. But it must be soon, or this most significant of living young Englishmen will be too occupied with his own career to sit down again with the past and its dead.

GERTRUDE ATHERTON.

"THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE."*

MR. HAZELTON belongs to that school of historical writers by whom the charm of narrative is necessarily subordinated to the presentation of the results of infinite research and of infinite pains. Each generation produces delightful writers of the narrative school, and every theme will be treated at least once in each generation, the writers of to-morrow superseding the popular writers of to-day. But the school of historians which Bacon proposed calling that of Registers, will live forever. The readers will be few each generation, but for all time the world must go to these patient and not oversought writers for facts and material.

Mr. Hazelton revels in detail. The minutest fact is recorded. Documents are dissected to their last substance. Letters are analyzed in their forgotten elements. Small objects are placed in

* "The Declaration of Independence: Its History." By John H. Hazelton. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company.

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their true relation to large things. Men are brought from obscurity and stationed in the light. Some great characters seem to lessen. And the whole result is the publication, for the first time, of a complete record of the composition and promulgation of the greatest document known to history. We enter a plea for keeping in some few but accessible archives the small things, the fragments, the details of history. Not that these shall always be incorporated in historical accounts of events, but that somewhere we may be assured are preserved all known facts concerning each important event. The dignity of history may not be offended by an unseemly introduction of tables and muniments, but a writer may not ignore their existence or their importance.

The purpose of Mr. Hazelton's book is not to discuss the sentiments of the immortal document, but to give a history of its mechanical construction and promulgation. The outline of the history has often been told.

On June 7, 1776, Richard Henry Lee, a delegate from Virginia, offered a set of three resolutions, the holograph original of which is still preserved in the Library of Congress and a photograph of which is exhibited in Independence Hall at Philadelphia. The first of these resolutions is as follows:

> "Resolved, That these United Colonies are and of right ought to be free and independent states, that they are absolved from all allegiance to the British Crown, and that all political connection between them and the State of Great Britain is, and ought to be, totally dissolved."

This resolution in its exact form was adopted on July 2, 1776. It constituted the real Act of Independence. It was the formal decree of separation. The words "declare" or "Declaration" do not appear in this resolution. The announcement or declaration of this Act was passed on July 4, 1776, and it is this Declaration and not the Act of Independence of which we here have the detailed history. If no formal declaration had been adopted, the political connection between the Colonies and the state of Great Britain would already have stood dissolved. Yet no one seems interested in Richard Henry Lee, the author and introducer of the Resolution of Separation. No one inquires when or where he wrote it. That the delegates themselves understood the significance of Lee's resolution is apparent from the letter John Adams wrote his wife and dated July 3, 1776, saying: "Yes-

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terday the greatest Question was decided which ever was debated in America, and a greater perhaps never was or will be decided among men. . . . The second day of July, 1776, will be the most memorable Epocha in the history of America. I am apt to believe that it will be celebrated by succeeding Generations as the great anniversary Festival."

Perhaps it would save confusion in the minds of young students if we referred to the transaction of July 2, 1776, as the Act of Independence, and to the transaction of July 4 as the Declaration of Independence.

Mr. Lee's resolution was referred, on June 11, to a Committee of Five—Mr. Jefferson, Mr. John Adams, Mr. Franklin, Mr. Sherman and Mr. R. R. Livingston. Thus the Colonies of Virginia, Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, Connecticut and New York were represented. The mover of the resolution, Mr. Lee, by parliamentary usage should have been named upon this Committee. John Adams says that Lee was not beloved of his colleagues, and that jealousy partly accounts for the neglect to make him a member. He also says that another reason for his name not appearing in the list of five is that his original resolution in its third paragraph called for the preparation of a plan of Confederation, and that Mr. Lee had been placed on a Committee to prepare this plan. Mr. Adams is mistaken. Mr. Lee did not leave Philadelphia until June 13, and the Committee to prepare the plan of Confederation was appointed June 12, and instead of naming Lee his colleague Nelson represented Virginia.

There is nothing in the Lee resolution calling for a Declaration. It was proper, however, and it was the habit of the Congress to explain its acts. The Committee of Five requested Jefferson to draft the articles of Declaration. Adams declares he insisted that Jefferson should do the actual composition because of the opinion he held of his facile pen.

The Declaration was written in rooms on the second floor of a house in Philadelphia situated at the southwest corner of Market and Seventh streets, which was demolished only in 1883. The identical desk on which it was composed is preserved in the Library of the Department of State. What is bibliographically known as the Rough-draft of the Declaration, after having been submitted to Adams and Franklin, by whom a few changes were suggested, was reported by the Committee of Five to the Congress

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on Friday, June 28, when it was laid upon the table, that body adjourning until Monday, July 1. On July 3 the Congress resolved itself into a Committee of the Whole to consider the Declaration, continuing its session to the following day, when it was again considered, reported favorably to the Congress in the evening and passed. During the night or early on the morning of July 5, the printer Dunlap furnished a copy in type and in the form of a somewhat irregularly cut broadside measuring 478 millimètres high by 380 millimètres broad, and the Secretary, Charles Thompson, inserted this in his original Journal. This printed form is the official Declaration of Independence. On July 19 the secret Journal records that the Declaration was ordered engrossed and, when completed, signed by all the members of the Congress. On August 2 the Declaration, engrossed on parchment, was laid before the Congress and signed by those present. Sentimental interest centres around the engrossed or parchment copy. Franklin, on July 4, 1786, John Adams, on February 2, 1814, and Jefferson, on May 12, 1819, all asserted that the Declaration was signed on July 4, 1776. Trumbull perpetuated this error in his picture commemorative of that day. The artist actually represents the Committee of Five in the act of presenting its report to the Congress. The brush can be as inaccurate as the pen and doubly as persuasive. Neither the Rough-draft (except probably by Hancock as President and Charles Thompson as Secretary) nor the printed document was signed by the fifty-six delegates on July 4 or at any other time. Nor were all of the delegates who, on and after August 2, 1776, signed the parchment document, members of the Congress on July 2 and 4. We do not know when some of them signed. Thornton did not enter the Congress until November 4, 1776. Dickinson, Willing and Humphreys did not sign. Clinton, Alsop and Wisner never signed. Although present on the passing of both the Act and the Declaration, the New York delegates refrained from voting, awaiting instructions from their Provincial Congress. When this body met at White Plains, on July 9, 1776, it approved of the Declaration, and in due time four of the delegates from this State, Philip Livingston, Floyd, Lewis Morris and Lewis appended their names. Thus, although its representatives in the Congress failed to vote on the great Act of Independence and its subsequent Declaration, New York was the first of the Colonies to have its parlia-

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mentary representatives, fresh from the people, approve and ratify the proceedings of the Congress. Of all the delegates in Philadelphia, none did more for the revolutionary cause than Henry Wisner of New York. He accomplished what all the patriotic resolves in the world could not have accomplished. It was he who erected powder-mills, and united sulphur and charcoal and saltpetre into those explosive arguments which won for us victory and peace. New York has erected to him no monument, and few even recall his name.

McKean, Gerry, Wolcott, Lewis Morris, R. H. Lee, Stockton and Wythe were not present on August 2, 1776. Paine and Heyward were probably also absent on that day. It is worthy of notice that of the signers Ross, Clymer, Rush, Smith and Taylor of Pennsylvania were not elected to the Congress until July 20, 1776.

Ross had been chosen to the first and second Congresses, but had not taken his seat in the latter.

The scope and space of this article do not permit an inquiry into the originality of the sentiments uttered in the Declaration or of the forms of expression employed by Jefferson. Both were of an elevated kind, but not entirely unfamiliar. There never has been a time, no matter what freedom he has enjoyed, when man has not talked of liberty. The consciousness and immediateness of political wrongs have produced the most lofty tones of complaint. Before Jefferson spoke others had talked of Princes who were tyrants and of rights which were inalienable. But the individual is irresponsible. Here the world beheld an entire people breaking ties which bound them to a most powerful state and boldly assuming the name, prerogatives and responsibilities of a nation.

The act meant blood and war and years of darkness. And whether we regard the Act of Independence of July 2, 1776, or the Declaration of Independence of July 4, 1776, we must first hold ourselves in the hush of reverence and then discharge our emotions in cries of joy. The problems are not yet all solved. The fruits of liberty are not yet all gathered. But that the former will be settled here, and that the ripest and most perfect fruit will be grown upon our soil is the hope and belief of every American.

JOHN BOYD THACHER.

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MISTRAL'S "MEMOIRES."*

FIFTY-TWO years ago last May, seven young poets of Provence (Frédéric Mistral, Joseph Roumanille, Théodore Aubanel, Jean Brunet, Alphonse Tavan, Anselme Mathieu and Paul Giéra) dined together at Font-Ségugne in the château of Paul Giéra and founded a society, which they called Le Félibrige, for the rehabilitation as a literary language of Provençal, which had never ceased to be spoken by the common people.

In May, 1904, the semicentennial of this event was celebrated by a banquet of the Consistory of the Félibrige on the island of Bartelasse under the walls of Avignon and by anniversary exercises in the pine and oak grove surrounding this same château of Font-Ségugne. The two survivors of the original group, Mistral and Tavan, were present at both of these functions, and over both of these functions Mistral presided with a verve remarkable in a person of his years (then seventy-four). Those who were present were amazed as well by the physical endurance as by the mental alertness he displayed. The writer was privileged to see and hear him two months later on the occasion of the celebration of the sixth centenary of Petrarch at the fountain of Vaucluse, where he again filled to perfection the rôle of the young old man. The lyric fire of his improvisation on the immortal lovers, Petrarch and Laura, and the deathlessness of love left far behind the efforts of his fellow poets present, and is as unforgettable as Vaucluse itself.

The main facts of Mistral's career may be put into a single short paragraph. They are: taking the bachelor's degree at Nîmes; admission to the bar at Aix; renunciation of law for farming and literature; marriage with the girl who was to be later the first Queen of the Félibrige; the publication of his poems Mirèio (Mireille), Calendau, Nerto, Pouèmo dóu Rose, Lis Isclo d'Or, La Rèino Jano, and of a Dictionary of the Dialects of Southern France (Lóu Trésor dóu Félibrige); the representation of Mireille in the Arènes of Arles before 20,000 spectators, a representation accompanied by nearly three weeks of merry-making; the founding of the Museum of Arles (Muséon Arlaten) for Provençal antiquities; and the award to him (jointly with

* "*Mes Origines. Mémoires et Récits de Frédéric Mistral.*" Paris: Plon-Nourrit et Cie.

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Echegaray) of a Nobel Prize, which he consecrated entirely to Provence.

The volume of Mistral memoirs, which has just appeared in Paris, closes with the year 1869, when his work in behalf of the Langue d'Oc had begun to bear fruit and his position as a poet was assured. It describes minutely the natural outdoor life he led as a child on his father's farm just outside the Provençal village of Maillane; gives his more striking experiences as a scholar in the village school, in the three boarding-schools to which he was sent successively, and in the Law School at Aix; explains the origin of his best-known poem, Mireille, and of the Society of the Félibrige; and narrates how—thanks to the shrewd and kindly interposition of Adolphe Dumas—Mireille was made to take Paris and France by storm.

As a youngster in dresses, Mistral's ruling passion was the yellow irises that grew in the water of a ditch into which he was so prone to tumble, when stretching and straining after the tempting flowers, that his mother forbade him to go near it. Vain prohibition! After two duckings, two complete changes of raiment and two spankings within half an hour (of a certain autumn day), his "hands still itched so to clutch some of these beautiful bouquets of gold," that he approached the ditch for a third effort and received a third ducking. This time, however, his good mother, instead of punishing him, clasped him to her bosom, dripping as he was, and burst into tears. "And thus," he says, "we wept together the whole length of the ditch. Once in the house, the saintly woman undressed me and wiped me dry with her apron; then, having made me swallow a tablespoonful of vermifuge, through fear my little system had received a shock, she tucked me into my crib, where, spent with weeping, after a little, I fell asleep.

"And what do you think I dreamed? Of my yellow irises, pardi! In a beautiful stream which wound about the farmhouse, limpid, transparent, azured, like the waters of the fountain of Vaucluse, I saw magnificent tufts of great green flags which flaunted in the air a veritable fairy kingdom of flowers of gold. Dragonflies with blue silk wings alighted on them, and I swam about nude in the laughing water. I seized the fair-haired fleurs-de-lis by handfuls, by double handfuls and by armfuls, but the faster I plucked the faster they grew.

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"All at once, I hear a voice calling me, 'Frédéri!'

"I wake, and what do I see! A great armful of gold-colored irises illuminating my crib.

"The patriarch himself, the Master, my knightly father, had picked for me the flowers I coveted; and the Mistress, my sweet mother, had put them on my bed."

Frédéric, the village schoolboy, was an incorrigible truant, and for that reason he was put into a boarding-school at ten. At twelve, while at his second boarding-school, he had his first affair of the heart. His sweetheart "bore the name of Praxède, and she had upon her cheeks two vermilion flowers, like two roses freshly blown."

When Frédéric went, at seventeen, to Nîmes—where he did not know a soul—to be examined for his bachelor's degree, he was so overcome by lonesomeness and timidity in his strange surroundings that he took refuge in a lowly tavern frequented by teamsters. He was quickly on terms of cordiality with these simple people who spoke his beloved Provençal; and as soon as he got the news that he had passed his examinations with honor, he celebrated his success by drinking with them the wine of the region, and dancing with them the farandole.

Mistral's happiest hours, as a young man, were those he spent with his brother Félibres "practising '*le gai-savoir*,'" and those he spent in the company of peasants, boatmen and the laboring-men of the towns, whom he generously calls his poetical collaborators. He and his fellow apostles of "*le gai-savoir*" tramped up and down and across Provence "instilling '*le gai-savoir*' into the hearts of the people." On these excursions, Alphonse Daudet was often of the band. "At that time," says Mistral, "the future chronicler of the Prodigious Adventures of Tartarin of Tarascon was a roistering blade who did not let the wind get ahead of him. Audacious Bohemian, frank and free of speech, impatient to know everything, keen for every adventure, he was ready to plunge wherever there was life, light and the sound of joy. He had, as the saying is, quicksilver in his veins. . . .

"One day, in September, I received at Maillane a little letter from camarade Daudet—one of those letters, dainty as a parsley leaf, familiar to his friends—in which he said:

"'My Frederic,—To-morrow, Wednesday, I set out from Fontvieille to meet you at Saint-Gabriel. Mathieu and Grivolas will join us by way

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of Tarascon. The rendezvous is at the buvette, where we shall look for you between nine and half past. After we have drunk a glass together at the wine-shop of Sarrasine, the beautiful hostess of the quarter, we will start on foot for Arles. Fail not!

'Your

RED RIDING-HOOD.'

"On the appointed day, between eight and nine o'clock, we were all at Saint-Gabriel, below the chapel which watches over the mountain. At Sarrasine's, we munched some brandied cherries, and—all aboard for the white road!"

At Arles, the party scraped acquaintance with an old river captain, named Gafet, who conducted them across the Rhône to a tavern frequented by boatmen, where they found such royal cheer that when they left, some hours later, they were primed for any and every exploit.

Now let Mistral speak:

"We had reached the steps of the Trinquetaille bridge:

"'What do you say to dancing a bit of a farandole on the bridge?' exclaimed the indefatigable and charming author of *La Mule du Pape*, 'that is what the bridges of Provence were made for.'

"And off we go! dancing and singing across the bridge in the limpid light of the September moon which was admiring itself in the water. . . .

"All of a sudden—we were half-way across the bridge—we see emerging from the shadow ahead of us a band of delicious Arlésiennes, each with her Arlésien. They advance slowly, laughing and babbling. The rustle of the girls' silk skirts and the soft cooing of the couples combined with the peacefulness of the night and the gentle swish of the Rhône, as it glided between the boats, to produce a most suave effect.

"'A wedding!' ejaculated the big captain, Gafet, who was still with us.

"'A wedding?' cries Daudet — who, by reason of his short sight, is uncertain as to what is approaching—'An Arlesian wedding! A wedding in the moonlight! A wedding in the middle of the Rhône!'

"And, seized by one of his sudden caprices, our hare-brained companion flies ahead like an arrow, falls on the neck of the bride and smothers her with kisses.

"Aïe! What an imbroglio, *mon Dieu!* If ever we were near the water it was then. Twenty strapping fellows with raised fists surround us and hustle us.

"'To the river with the villains!'

"'How is this? What's the matter? What does all this mean?' shouted the captain, Gafet, forcing back the crowd. 'Don't you see that we have just been drinking, drinking at Trinquetaille to the health of the bride, and that it wouldn't be good for us to drink more?'

"'*Vivent les mariés!*' we shouted all together.

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"And thus, thanks to the fist and the wit of this good Gafet, whom everybody knew, the affair stopped there."

After recounting the further roamings of the hilarious band, Mistral concludes:

"And people dare tell me that Daudet was not a good Provençal? Because, a railler by nature, he attached the bell of the clown to the Tartarins, to the Roumestans, to the Tante Portals and to all the imbeciles of Provence who want to Frenchify the Provençal speech, shall Tarascon bear him ill-will?

"No! The mother lion will never lay it up against her whelp that, in frolicking, he touses her."

The above brief and broken citations give but a vague idea of the charm of Mistral's volume of memories. It contains a number of short stories that are destined to become classics. It has added a full half-dozen immortal characters to literature. It is tender, pathetic, picturesque, idyllic, whimsical and fantastic. Above all, it is blessed with the rollicking and extravagant humor of Rabelais's Gargantua and Pantagruel (minus the coarseness) and of Daudet's *Tartarin de Tarascon.* As a mere exhibition of animal spirits it is superb. It is not a big-bow-wow, "I-am-Sir-Oracle" autobiography. Its appeal is universal. It can and will be read and relished by persons who have never in their lives before heard of Mistral or of the Provençal Renaissance.

ALVAN F. SANBORN.

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THE EDITOR'S DIARY.

WEDNESDAY, *December 26.* A Blow at Personal Freedom.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT did not originate the fallacy that good intentions should not be hampered by written laws. Plato was possessed of the idea, and in the actual conduct of public affairs would have no reference to law whatever. "The discretion of the all-wise philosopher," he held, "is a perfect guarantee of excellence in administration, and stands in marked contrast to the narrow and inflexible prescriptions of a past time. Given true wisdom in the magistrates, it is absurd to hamper them by the rules and precepts of a bygone generation. Not laws, but wise men, unhampered by laws, are the ideal guides of a community." A more exact definition of the present attitude of our chief executive authorities could hardly be imagined. But it soon happened that Plato "found a dearth of all-wise philosophers, and so was reluctantly forced to confess that the best available guides were the written laws and national customs of the people as the expression of experience and practical wisdom."

It was with full appreciation of this deficiency in human character that those charged with the task of framing a national government for the United States reached the conclusion that a written constitution would serve as the most efficient safeguard of the rights and liberties of the people, and as the greatest obstacle in the path of any subsequent attempt, especially on the part of a popular executive, to exercise undue authority. The reservation to the contracting States of all powers not explicitly conferred upon the national government was more than a jealous withholding from that government of certain functions of authority which had been possessed and exercised by the separate Colonies; it was a direct response to the instinct of individual freedom, which was the chief cause of, and had been greatly

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intensified by, the war for independence. Encroachment of national sovereignty upon State prerogatives is precisely parallel with unwarranted interference of the State in the self-government of a city or a township, or with deprivation by the latter of a citizen's personal liberty. The fundamental distinction between our theory of government and that of monarchy is found in the recognition by us of the plain citizen as the true possessor of the divine rights claimed by kings, and denied, in their executive capacity, to those whom we select as administrators of government to serve, not to rule, the public. The present proposal, therefore, to "obliterate State lines," even to the "extinction of State authority," involves a complete reversal of our basic theory of government, and strikes at the very root of personal freedom.

More than one hundred years ago Chief-Justice John Marshall declared that:

"No political dreamer was ever wild enough to think of breaking down the lines which separate the States and of compounding the people into one common mass."

And, later, Daniel Webster:

"The necessity of holding strictly to the principles upon which free governments are constructed, and to those precise lines which fix the partitions of power between different branches, is as plain, if not as cogent, as that of resisting, as our fathers did, the strides of the parent country against the rights of the Colonies; because, whether the power which exceeds its just limits be foreign or domestic, whether it be the encroachment of all branches on the rights of the people, or that of one branch on the rights of others, in either case the balanced and well-adjusted machinery of free government is disturbed, and, if the derangement go on, the whole system must fall. . . . Even if no harm or inconvenience results from transgressing the boundary, the intrusion is not to be suffered to pass unnoticed. Every encroachment, great or small, is important enough to awaken the attention of those who are entrusted with the preservation of a constitutional government. We are not to wait till great public mischiefs come, till the government is overthrown, or liberty itself put into extreme jeopardy. We should not be worthy sons of our fathers were we so to regard great questions affecting the general feeling."

These were the utterances, not of men accustomed to bow before the idea of State rights as a fetish, but of the foremost Federalist and Whig expounders of our theory of *National* government. And yet daily now we behold open and avowed sub-

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versions of those fundamental principles by neither ineffective "political dreamers," nor even a political organization, but by an active, able and resolute clique, which, under most aggressive leadership, holds absolute control of one arm of the government, successfully coerces another and insidiously endeavors to influence the court of last resort. That, in holding centralization of power to be mere substitution of one regulative authority for another, and not despoilment of the right of the people to govern themselves, those responsible for the "tendency" are conscious of wrong-doing we neither assert nor believe; circumstances and the glamour of place have really convinced them that all regard for public virtue and all sense of business morality are confined to the governing group; and their conviction that good can come from no other authority constituted among and closer to the people is sincere. Therein lies the same greater measure of danger that recently confronted the country when false principles were personified in a candidate for the Presidency, of whose personal genuineness there was no question.

The gravity of the situation, plainly evidenced by the President's recent declarations upon all conceivable topics, from before the cradle in respect to race suicide to after the grave in relation to inheritance taxation, and by constant impatient demands for extension of executive authority, no less than by the outspoken menace in his chief official adviser's amazing public utterance, reached the comprehension of foreign observers with extraordinary rapidity, as contrasted with the gradual dawning of understanding respecting it on the part of our own people. The "Saturday Review" sums up a full statement with terse accuracy in these words:

> "If Mr. Roosevelt intends his threats for anything beyond foreign consumption, we may be at the beginning of a constitutional struggle unequalled in danger to the Union since the Civil War."

It is our firm conviction that we are at the beginning of such a struggle now, and that, as solemnly adjured by Daniel Webster, we must "not wait till great public mischiefs come, till the government is overthrown, or liberty itself put into extreme jeopardy," if, in the words of Thomas Jefferson, we would retain "our peculiar security in the possession of a written constitution, not made a blank paper by *construction*."

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THURSDAY, *December 27.* On the Taxation of Spinsters.

WHY not tax old maids? As a class, they enjoy all of the advantages of civilization, barring those of a minor nature excluded by their own insistent regard for the conventions, and make no adequate return. True, their property, if real, is forced to yield a slight contribution to the common fund for preservation of order and protection of life and liberty, but their personal possessions are practically immune from imposts, and the less said of their contributions to customs revenue, perhaps, the better. Moreover, the great majority of them have no substantial acquisitions and, though in special instances no doubt a joy, are generally a burden upon patient relatives. Thus they become mere clogs upon the wheels of progress from the sheer obstinacy that holds them from the performance of their proper tasks in life.

There was never yet a woman who could not marry, as she should, if she would. Undoubtedly beauty of form, mind and character, to say nothing of worldly possessions and other minor aids, contribute largely to facilitate a man's discriminative selection of a mate, but none of these effects is really essential. It is only necessary to be a woman to win a man—some man. Eve surely was not rich and, judging from such portraits of her as we have seen, was quite plain in appearance; clearly, too, she was stupid or she would never have acted on a suggestion from a questionable source; but once she passed on the hint to him, how quick was Adam's fall! So it has ever been and ever will be. Spinsterhood is a purely voluntary condition, due to reprehensible contrariness, as is clearly proven by the non-existence of a single authentic claim to exemption because of lack of opportunity.

Deliberate refusal to fulfil a destiny, such as we expect daily to see firmly set forth in a special message as obviously intended by the Creator of us all, is, we grant, less inexcusable in this country than elsewhere; we have even so high authority as our new ambassador from Great Britain, expressed in his "American Commonwealth," for the assertion that, "More resources are open to an American woman who has to lead a solitary life, not merely in the way of employment, but for the occupation of her mind and tastes, than to an English spinster or widow." Our acquaintance with Englishwomen of the two classes designated is not sufficiently wide to justify disagreement with this careful

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view, even though we did not, as we do, hold that widows are *sui generis* and should never be confounded with others of their sex; but in any case, in view of the fact already established that there is no such woman, *i. e.*, one compelled to "lead a solitary life," the differentiation between nationalities need not be considered.

The real point at issue is whether the old maid of the present day renders a fair equivalent, or even tries to do so in one way or another, for what she receives; and to that our answer is decisively negative. As contrasted even with her uninteresting prototype of twenty or thirty years ago, she is less disposed to humble recognition of the ignominy of her position, often more petulant and invariably more exacting, contemptuous of children, and only in rare exceptions kindly disposed even towards cats, to say nothing of mice and other gentle and unoffending creatures. Decorous behavior has been relegated to the pages of mythology; and the Puritanic primness, whose very rigidity once constituted a unique charm, has been shamelessly supplanted by a seeming resentment at the recognized necessity of maintaining a serious appearance. It is a sad state of affairs, to which we have given much unavailing thought. As a last resort in search of a method of reformation, the ubiquitary remedy of taxation occurs to our mind as the only one holding forth hope of effectiveness.

Bitter experience has demonstrated that no determined action on the part of local or State authorities can be anticipated in response to even so peremptory a demand in the plain interest of an indivisible nation, but spinsters are proverbially peripatetic and flit from sister to sister, and from brother-in-law to brother-in-law with the facility of an awestruck Secretary of State passing from Washington to New York in five short hours; so we may assume that they could readily be brought within the provisions of the act relating to interstate commerce, and be compelled by suitable "constructions" of the Constitution to meet their just obligations to the rapidly disappearing human race.

We would only add that:

> "If it were done when 'tis done, then 'twere well
> It were done quickly—"

for time is short and "other projects are mooted."

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FRIDAY, *December 28.* **Mottoes for the New Year.**

WE cannot conscientiously advise frail human beings to make good resolutions for the forthcoming year; observation has taught us that the keeping of them is impracticable, and the breaking of them both humiliating and a source of habitual weakness. Better far to cull from accumulated wisdom a simple motto to serve as a guide in days of ease and to fall back upon in times of despair. The boy Keats seems to have exemplified the pervading spirit of our own community of the present day when he selected Ariel's line,

"Where the bee sucks, there suck I,"

but, really, of course, nothing was further from his thought than material achievement. His love was for the sweetness, the honeyed ease, the luscious quality of life; severity of thought was foreign to his nature and chilled it. "Do not all charms," he exclaimed, "fly at the mere touch of cold philosophy?" and again—

"The silver flow
Of Hero's tears, the swoon of Imogen,
Fair Pastorella in the bandits' den
Are things to brood on with more ardency
Than the death-day of empires."

His was the instinct that induced Porphyro to delay his elopement while he drew from his closet a heap—

"Of candied apple, quince and plum and gourd,
With jellies soother than the creamy curd,
And lucent syrups, tinct with cinnamon,
Manna and dates in argosy transferred
From Fez; and spicèd dainties, every one
From silken Samarcand to cedar'd Lebanon."

Few of us have failed, at one time or another, to hear this voluptuous call and yearn for "drowsy noons and evenings steeped in honeyed indolence"; but how quickly fades the longing when subjected to the pitiless test of experience! Preferable, on the whole, in this workaday life, is the sharply contrasting motto of Browning's Herakles—

"Harder and higher!"

a tough, athletic expression easily imagined in a President's message and good to give a boy, even though it be interpreted physically instead of being set to the spiritual rhythm of life.

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For those worried by recent unsettlement of dogma, the maxim of Marcus Aurelius,

"The universe is transformation, life is opinion,"

or even Shakespeare's less morally conceived,

"There's nothing either good or bad
But thinking makes it so,"

may serve a useful purpose; but, while granting to every one his special need, if he by diligence can find it, we find none more deserving of universal, though, perhaps, supplemental, adoption than the familiar adjuration of Epictetus—

"Act well the part that's given you; to select the part belongs to another."

There is a different quality in Pater's Marius,

"Tristem neminem fecit";

but, whatever the choice, so it be worthy, one motto, never forgotten and repeated at intervals, will facilitate to a greater degree than even the traditional "peck" of good resolutions an endeavor to attain coherency of conduct.

SATURDAY, *December 29.* **Of American Manners.**

OUR manners are improving. The change is not marked, but is taking place, nevertheless, in that gradual manner which is best because it makes for permanence. Time was in this hardy young land when the grace of the Frenchman in particular evoked a contemptuous sneer as befitting only effeminate eaters of frogs; but travel has worn away much of this prejudice, and no sight is more common in Paris nowadays than that of American visitors beaming sympathetically, yet with rare attempt at emulation, upon manifestations of courtesy which once would have seemed to them absurd.

We shall never be as polite as the Latins; no Saxon or Teuton may hope to be, nor would we if we could. The preservation of a racial characteristic is far preferable to what can never become more than mere imitation, and no persons are more ridiculous

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than those who are ever trying to show better manners than they really possess. Moreover, true courtesy is by no means altogether in the seeming; the unspoken word is often more eloquent than the most eager protestations of respect or even affection. The traditional boorishness of the English must be admitted, but only of the great middle class, which constitutes the hardihood of the nation; the deference of those comprising the lower strata is, in fact, offensive; and to our mind the finest manners in the world are those of the refined aristocracy. Their merit lies chiefly in their simplicity and appropriateness. Our ancestors were quite justified in refusing with indignation to

> ". . . let the candied tongue lick absurd pomp,
> And crook the pregnant hinges of the knee"

to such a monarch as George the Third, but probably there never lived a ruler, even in our own land, to whom Americans would so gladly have rendered personal homage as Queen Victoria. True, in so doing, they might have erred, as many err now, we are told, in addressing the King as "Your Majesty" instead of using the simple "Sir," as once they should have said "Ma'am" to the gracious mother of her people; but such exaggeration, if resting upon sincerity, cannot be held to be offensive. We would that those and similar terms were employed more punctiliously by us. Gladly would we part with the uncalled-for and, in England, long since discarded "Mister," among men of like age and position, if we might substitute "Sir" for it as a token of respect for age and achievement. Precisely where the line of demarcation should be drawn it is difficult to say; for ourselves, we make it a practice invariably to address one approximately fifteen years older than ourselves as "Sir," and we frankly appreciate a like courtesy from those correspondingly younger. Among women we greatly prefer "Madam" to the English "Ma'am" and, of course, detest "Lady" as used by menials, the hissing "Missus" of too-familiar husbands, nicknames and all terms whatsoever of petty or maudlin endearment.

But it is not—at this time—our purpose to scold; we wish only to note the gradual removal of a just cause of reproach against Americans by older peoples and to encourage a gratifying tendency. It is true, as declared in the form of mottoes upon the walls of a famous boys' school in England, that "manners make

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the man," but they help; and, much as we may despise them as a mere outer garment and superficial soul-covering, we cannot ignore the fact that they are still vital conditions of social intercourse and afford much of the charm without which existence would be unendurable. Beautiful manners are as captivating as a beautiful face or hand or form, and, unlike these, may be acquired. To be born and bred well is a great blessing, but it is not necessary to chide Fortune, as Shakespeare did, for not having provided better for his life

"than public means which public manners breed."

Suavity and gentleness cost only a little self-restraint and a little thought now and then, and yet they not only occasion much pleasure to others, but save ourselves much of the tumult and ugliness and embroilment of life. Lucky, indeed, is that deservedly popular woman, American born and English bred, who once said to us, "I am always polite because it is so much trouble to be rude." After all, we cannot be very much better than our manners, any more than our clothes can surpass our taste, but it may be that goodness can be developed in the inner consciousness by outer conditions. At any rate, we know one woman who smiles continuously because she firmly believes that, if she persistently wears the expression of harmony, the inner mood will respond. We are unable to perceive a very considerable change as yet, and we must admit frankly that we could not endure for long an unyielding smile; and yet we have no doubt that considerate manners would in time tend to the development, in part, of the inward gentleness of which some of us still stand somewhat in need.

MONDAY, *December 31.* **For an American Esperanto Society.**

CAN there be one "with soul so dead" as to fail to be impressed by the aspirations of the inventor of Esperanto as expressed in this REVIEW? The sincerity of Doctor Zamenhof is as transparent as his simplicity, and the most casual study of his exposition discovers the inherent clarity of mind which made it possible for him to accomplish the great purpose which so many have attempted in vain. The mental stultification characteristic of a close student enmeshed in his own profundity in

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no wise appears; indeed, the very carefulness of his differentiation between, and singularly happy combination of, the practical and ideal evokes sympathetic recognition. Obviously, in the mind of this great man no question of "copyright" or material gain has ever arisen; what he has been blessed with the power to bestow he transfers promptly and gladly to the "natural possessor" of a universal language—"the entire world."

The manifestation of such a spirit is doubly appealing in days like these and becomes truly inspiriting when accompanied by a frank avowal that it is to America, untrammelled by traditions and progressive by instinct, that he looks for encouragement and even leadership. "The brotherhood of mankind is the object for which Esperanto was created," is the declaration, which we believe to be true and worthy of one the best part of whose race is still dominated by spiritual rather than material aspirations. The aim, therefore, is of the highest; and yet, in the words of its builder, "Esperanto hopes only to become merely the uniting language in those regions where various tongues are struggling for supremacy, or where one nationality is trying to force its language upon another"—the chief cause, as we have observed, of those strifes which have most seriously retarded civilizing progression.

We return, then, persistently to the matter of practicability and continue to find favorable evidences multiplying. Tolstoy, asked his opinion of Esperanto as an auxiliary international language, replied:

> "I have often thought that there is no more Christian science than the study of languages, that study which permits of our communicating and allying ourselves with an incalculable number of our fellow men, and I have often remarked how people bear themselves as enemies to one another, solely because they have no means of intercommunication. The study of Esperanto, then, and its diffusion, is assuredly a Christian labor which hastens the coming of the kingdom of God, the main—I should say, the only—aim of human life."

Professor Wilhelm Ostwald, of the University of Leipzig, one of the few real philosophers in this day of professors of philosophy, has become a stanch supporter of the cause of the new language. As a scientist, visiting one university after another in many lands, he has concluded that Esperanto is at once the hope and solution of the problem of intercommunication

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even among learned men. In France some of the leading Esperantists are Professors Berthelot and Poincaré, members of the Institute of France; General Sébert, of the French Army; and M. Boirac, the Academician, Rector of the University of Dijon, who sees in the growth of Esperanto an event as vital as the invention of printing. In England, the President of the British Society is Lieutenant-Colonel Pollen, the well-known linguist and experienced traveller; and the President of the London Society is Felix Moscheles, the celebrated artist and fervent worker on behalf of international arbitration and peace. Prominent in advocacy are Major-General George Cox, of the British Army, and W. T. Stead, editor of the English "Review of Reviews," who now has a regular department of information about Esperanto in his magazine.

In this country Professors Huntington and Morse of Harvard, Professor Viles of the Ohio State University, Professor Borgerhoff of Western Reserve University, as well as Professor Macloskie of Princeton, whose admirable essay we published recently, are among the first to signify appreciation of the merits of the invention. The first sign of primary teaching appears in the famous Latin school of Roxbury, where an optional course, already adopted by a class of fifty, has been established by Professor Lowell, who recently said:

"If the movement continues to grow as it is growing now, within a few years every book published in the civilized world will be printed in two languages—its native tongue and Esperanto. The one in Esperanto will open the book to the whole world, and it will be the same as though the work had been translated into every language. The thought treasures of every people will be unlocked to any person who has mastered this simple key.

"Suppose that in Europe a new play appears, or a novel or an important work on economics, socialism, philosophy or art. The world must wait upon the translator, whether it be a year or never. To get it to all modern nations a score of translations must be made into the various languages. It might go into many European tongues before it reached the English-speaking person. But if translated into Esperanto it would go at once among all nationalities. The reader of Esperanto in Boston would have access to the work simultaneously with all European countries."

We may add that evidences of interest among the readers of the REVIEW, forthcoming since we declared faith in the adaptability of Esperanto and announced our intention to promulgate

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it, have been many and multiply daily. The primer whose publication has been begun on other pages is, we believe, the best and simplest yet made; simultaneously we have in preparation a series of text-books, which, in consonance with the spirit of the creator of the language, we shall furnish at actual cost of manufacture to all who may signify a desire to have them. Meanwhile, we shall be pleased to answer any inquiries relative to the subject and to enroll the names of all who feel sufficient interest in it to become members of a general Esperanto Society which we propose to institute under the honorary Presidency of Doctor Zamenhof. The purpose of this society will be to cooperate with similar associations in facilitating the spread of the new universal language. The special means to be employed will be:

(*a*) Promoting the formation of new local Groups.
(*b*) Distributing information and publishing propaganda literature.
(*c*) Organizing examinations and granting certificates of proficiency.
(*d*) Promoting lectures and arranging for correspondence, loans of collections of literature, etc.
(*e*) Promoting arrangements for Congresses at home and abroad.

Membership will involve no pecuniary expenditure. The entire cost of maintaining the organization will be borne by the REVIEW.

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